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PYTHIAN ODE

by Mary Butts.

When I think of you, Delphi, I am reminded of a fair young man smiling :
And an old woman goddess :
And an old woman goddess :
And a cluster of women pretending to be bees.

Affairs for which Dictynna was responsible, the Twins and the Erinyes, the Thriae and the Thyiades.

A city of hotel-keepers ; keeping hotels, keeping brothels, keeping prize-rings. On a mountain, under a mountain and a mountain. By a spring and a spring.
Expecting an earthquake and a rich Syracusan lord.

The mind of the priests of the oracle. A delicious enquiry into the next event but one.
A game of chance, a game of chess, a guess-game.

The thing-in-itself is represented by the pairs of opposites.
To be weiged, to be divided, to be chosen. To be represented by the possibilities of cities and the notable vagaries of Oriental kings.

There were the iron spits:
Cold water:
Mice.
They called you the mixing bowl of Hellas because of the bowl Croesus gave. It stood by the spirits and the pretty gold statue, filled for the public beano, when the adyton hummed oracles, and the Pythias worked in shifts, and all the world had a dip into the future, and on the little thrill of wine mounted.

Grey comb of no earthly bees, lime crags-where-the-sun-goes.
The wine lifted their eyes above the temenos.
So we're round again. Thyiades, bees, metaphorical rock-comb high up Parnassos and the metaphysical bees of the soul.
For their souls were improved no doubt of it in that cunning old Lourdes.

They filled the bowl with wine.
Wine is not Apollo's drink.
We are to observe the transition
From fact to reality.

In. In. In. There are things which to display is the only way to hide. That ambiguous hint especially we call the divine mind.
It drifted up through a crack in a stone, and out from the mouth of a woman.
The wind that blows and blows crooked.
There was the Pythia, and under her a three-legged stool, a lid on the earth's mystery.
A stone wreathed in raw wool
Not a portrait statue of the god.

Behind these was the grave of Dionysos.
There they buried mystery, put mystery of mysteries to sleep with itself
Where it doubled, added six, was halved, divided, and the three may have gone to make up the Trinity.

In the adyton Dionysos' grave.
A stone box for an explanation of the truth.

Truth is the heart's desire.
A stone instead of the heart's desire
Is given you for truth.
Truth is a mean between extremes.
Be comforted.

From the nine months called 'satiety' to the three months called 'craving' they rang the change from paean to dithyramb.
The white bees swarmed on Parnassos' cap
Yellow Apollo went through them to the back of the north wind
Dionysos was king in Delphi
They shouted on the hills.

Cunning old Lourdes kept mascots, kept women, kept detectives, kept accounts, and rising and falling stock in the possibilities of cities when the sap was rising in the world.
Choosing the Pythia
Who must not be raped.
Who must (finally) be old.
Who must be dressed as a girl.

Put in on the Pythia!
Who took bribes?
Who sold the Spartans?
Who medized?

Put it on the Pythia!
Who got it wrong again?
Who made it scan?...

The earth is a black pill turning.
Apollo gilt the pill.
Took it from a woman.
Took over—
Blood and onions,
Beans and honey,
And occasionally the untrodden stair to the door does not shut to the empty room. Lights and wings, and blood, and tides where there is no more sequence, and the hellenic formulae are lost.

Not for such things did he collect your ancient thrones, the good policeman with the sun for flash-lamp turning turning on a turning world.
He gilt the earth, but on its navel the Pythia turned, sick with laurel, sick with ecstacy.

The ecstacy you ordered, O Apollo, to, make men better in their cities!

Men were made better in their cities, and the old
Sun was caught medizing and from the tripod came a noise.
To be made sense, to be made significance, to be made nonsense:
To become a gnome, a policy, a ritual, a decree:
An alliance, a monopoly in fish:
A man bleeding down an empty stair.
Back again to Delphi for another series.
Where they rehearsed the Roman Curia.
In 'the western world.'

So you became
A little old town with a too large cathedral.

MARY BUTTS

A ruin, a quarry :
Fouilles de Delphe.
There are the extremes of action, the extremes of passion.
Truth is a new creation out of these
Be comforted.

We have observed a transition
From fact to reality
From fact to reality.

Quod inferius sicut superius est.
Be comforted.

THREE POEMS

by George O'Neil.

I.

MADRIGAL

A loyal offspring of a fountain
Sang falling from a mountain :

Earth, stone, water, death.
Blood, bone, body, breath.
Hand, arm, foot, thigh.
Thresh, thresh, die.

Undo the loam and let me in,
And dust me down with wheat.

Starve, ache, burn, smother.
Father, father, mother, mother.
Smite, smite, smote, smitten.
Cub, calf, kitten.

Where quiet is so long a sin
Let nothing find it sweet.

Famish and feed.
Crevice for seed.
Fire, wing, star, cloud.
Butt for a shroud,
Butt for a shroud.

And all the hollow places rang,
So lucidly he sang.

II.

THUS PUT.

Words will not hold it, no line ending
With music, fire, or white rose bending;
No couplet about wind or tree
Or water-cadence mimicry
Can quiet follow.

Ground will be, later, scorched and flaking,
The grasses withered, juiceless, quaking,
Starved at the castle of my bones.
Withhold all sustenance from your tones
Till I am hollow.

Silence is rooted in my mouth,
Spreading its vine throughout my veins.
Seed, with a vigilance of drouth,
Will brew no stains.

III.

WHITE-WING

Or, Follower of Pegasus

(Notes for an Epic)

Over a million eyes a million curves
Of quiet flesh grew faintly opalesque.

A wind stood up upon a westward hill
And strayed with sleepy hands to many a desk
And fumbled drowsily in many a room
Through paper silvering with morning-gloom.

Why is the wind somnambulist this hour,
To steal some evidence against a flower?
Wind moves along the morning-haunted street.
Thin curtains follow her and then retreat.
A pigeon's neck goes radiant on a roof.
Far off a cobble cannonades a hoof.

⁂

He dragged his eyes above the tide of sleep
And saw that dawn had made a yellow heap
Between the towers of the city hall.
He heard the rooster of his neighbors call.

All day he makes his blood and bone obey.
Along the boulevard he scrapes his way
And, wavering his course, "God's in his heaven"—
Sings, when the weather's fair, from seven to seven.

At dusk the Judge goes cantering along,
High on his mare. And does he hear the song?
Who knows? The sparrows quarrel to divide...
The song may never reach the Judge's side.

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Eastward the dome of the cathedral lay,
Its shadow like a monstrous rigid breast.
All day he made his blood and bone obey;
And now he crept upon the night and pressed
His mouth upon a shadow.
One star steams...
He rides a shining horse and sheds his dreams.

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Ah, is it any wonder that the sky
Is heaped with light, all heaped with light on light?
When horses feeding on the wind must fly
Where there is night and night... and night...

MEMORIES

by Luke Ionides

XI.

I cannot remember when I first knew Watts as I was a baby eight months old when he first painted me on my mother's knee. The way my father got to know Watts was that he wanted a copy made of his father's portrait by Meadows, and he was asked by a friend of his to give the commission to a youth he knew, who was then about eighteen years old. Watts made the copy and my father so well liked it that he kept it and sent the original to Constantinople; and then gave Watts several more commissions during the following few years. My father also helped him to go to Italy, when his love of the Italian masters, especially the Venetians, began. He thought he had found out their methods, and when he painted me in 1863 he said he was going to paint me as Titian painted, starting the picture in *grisaille*, and then glazing it over. It was so successful that Millais, who came in one day and saw it, said that was the best piece of work he had ever done.

In the early days when I was a small boy he often stayed with us, and when the Greek philosopher, Theophilus Kairis came, he very much wanted to paint his portrait, and as Kairis would not sit to him, he had a cheval-glass brought into the room and painted Kairis from his reflection while he was busy teaching me my letters. The result was so good that Kairis agreed to sit to him, and he painted him two or three times.

Watts at that time was very weakly, and he often saddened my mother by saying how weak he was, and that he was

soon going to die, a habit of speech which continued till the end of his life. At about this time he wrote to my father asking him to allow him £300 a year for the rest of his life, on condition that my father might have all the work he did. My father answered that he would let him have any money he wanted, so that he should not be troubled with the menace of want, but he would enter into no pact of that sort, as the time would soon come when Watts' earnings would be in thousands—a prophecy which came true. My father at one time possessed thirty-five of his works, including many family portraits, and his celebrated picture of the Aurora, which came to me in due time and which I had to part with when necessity arose.

One day my father bought in a pawnshop a baby asleep, an early work by Watts. He gave £5 for it. A short time afterwards Watts, dining at our house, saw it and told my father he wanted to buy it back. He offered £200 for it but my father would not sell it, and told him what he had given for it, and he always suspected that in his early days Watts had parted with it under pressure of poverty. Alecco owned that picture later and sold it for £500.

Watts, as a young man, befriended George Cosens, who was really a miniature painter, but was trained by Watts to make replicas of his portraits to be distributed in the family, to which Watts put the finishing touches, which, I fear, were accepted later on as genuine Watts. There was a portrait of my grandmother belonging to a relative, which had got damaged many years later, and I was asked to repair it, and in working on it, I could distinctly distinguish between Watts' brushwork and Cosens'. The family had forgotten its origin as a replica, and thought it was an original. Watts painted five generations of my family: my grandfather, my father, my brother Constantine, the latter's son Alexander, and Alexander's daughter.

Watts used to tell an amusing story of how one of the French princes, I think it was the Comte de Paris, was

sent to him to have his portrait painted. He wore a full beard for the first sitting, but on the second occasion he turned up with his chin shaven, and on the third, with nothing left but a moustache.

"You had better not shave your moustache," Watts said to him, "because the only thing left you after that to cut off will be your head."

The French Prince was so much taken by Watts' good-humour over his freak that he promised henceforth to do his duty as a good sitter, which promise he fulfilled.

There was one thing I much admired in Watts, namely, his capacity for finding good qualities even in work which was least congenial to him. One day, I was saying how I disliked some of Frith's pictures, when Watts pointed out to me the many qualities he thought they contained, his power of representing a crowd, that it required an enormous amount of skill to put them together in a natural way.

In the case of Burne Jones he one day said to me that B. J. had more of the qualities required for a great artist than any man that had ever lived : he had the colouring of the Venetians, the composition of the Florentines, and the drawing of the Romans. One day at the New Gallery Watts was in ecstasies before a picture by Brangwyn. He pointed to it and said, "That man's the greatest of us all." Of Whistler he said that he was perfect in what he did, as far as it went, but to his mind he thought it was not complete. He used to say that Whistler shirked difficulties in drawing, but he apparently lost sight of the fact that Whistler's etchings are full of fine draughtsmanship.

I met Watts just after he had refused a baronetcy, and I asked him why he had done so. He said, "I have enough savings to live in my simple way, but with a title my expenses would be doubled. I sometimes regret I have refused it, as it might have been an encouragement to others who start from such very humble beginnings as mine were."

As long as I knew him I always found him trying experiments in his painting. One of the most beautiful pictures he painted reminded me of Giorgione—the "Psyche", which my father possessed and left to the Ionides library in Athens. Watts had a way of getting very attached to some of his own work. I remember a small landscape with a haystack, for which he was offered £200 by Leyland, and on his refusing to sell it, Leyland offered him a blank cheque for him to fill in, but Watts would not sell the picture at any price.

All my best recollections of Watts were of his early days, until after he painted my portrait in 1863. After that I did not see him so often, but I occasionally went to visit him at his new home, Little Holland House, and I remember going one day, when I was about fifty-five, and meeting two American ladies, to whom Watts said, pointing to the picture of a little baby, "That was how my friend was when I first painted him." So I said, "That was five-and-twenty years ago, or six-and-twenty," to which Watts replied, "Let us say six-and-twenty and be nearer the mark," whereupon the ladies looked at me with disapproval, evidently thinking I was a sad wreck for six-and-twenty.

I never quite understood some of Watts' allegorical work, such as "Mammon" and the "Minotaur", but I loved the picture of the man "who had great possessions"—an earlier work. Though he had a certain sense of humour, Watts was serious, and lacked that gaiety and *joie de vivre*, which was so delightful in Whistler, Burne Jones and their friends—even Poynter, who impressed one so with his solemn ways, showed it at times. Watts' seriousness may have been caused by the fact that in his youth his health was not good, and he always thought he was going to die within a short time, and yet he lived to a good old age, and notwithstanding his humble beginnings, was one of the most honoured men in the kingdom, when he died.

(to be concluded)

"THE BEGGAR"

by Hannah Berman.

"Well, then, let us say that I take up the beggar's wallet: what next?...

How is one to start begging? Really, it is a question...

Shall I start the miserable business by stopping the first passer-by, and whining to him: "Please give me a groschen, or what you will, for I am a poor, broken-down, helpless old man who has no bread and no hope in the world"?

No doubt that is the right way, and, it is nothing but the plain truth that I am helpless and hopeless in my old age...

But, what if the passer-by turns away, heedless of me, indifferent to my wail, as I have seen folks do, and as, no doubt, I myself have done time and time again, if I have to tell the bare, naked truth?... Can I run after him, dragging at his coat-tails and demanding the groschen he is fain to withhold from me?... Can I demand that he give? Can I say to him: "You must give, you must!" ?...

It is plain robbery to force a man to give when he does not want to. Charity is kind and considerate... The other way, force, is just like putting your hand in his pocket, or holding a knife to his threat. I am hungry? Well, that is as it is. It does not provide me with a just reason for demanding what is not due to me by any rights... If one is a beggar, then one merely begs, just begs, and nothing more... One poor man has no more rights than another; and, in these times, there are so many others: may the Most High help them all!... Besides, even if

one is reduced to begging, one cannot cast off ones self-respect like a garment which is worm out... One must bear in mind the universal truth that, above all, the beggar is a man who demands something for nothing. The shoe-maker, the tailor, the goat-herd, every kind of man gives something for the bread he eats, whilst the beggar?... Oh, he is satisfied to live by the pity he inspires by his gaunt form, his rags, his sores and his piteous whining...

Again the question is: How is one to beg when one does not know how, and when ones whole soul is in revolt against begging?...

One's body demands food?... Yes, that is so... And, what is more, one cannot even die by merely wishing to. So, there remains the body to be fed...

It may be that if I were to look into my terrible position with the eyes of an outsider, with the object of giving justice even to that pitiable being which no one would recognise as the proud, haughty well-to-do merchant of so many years standing, I say, if I were to try and do myself justice, it may be that I could really claim my share of the paupers' trust, alike with all these who have gone down in the world. For, it is terribly true that if my three stalwart sons had been allowed to stay and support me, if they had not been torn from their homes to go to the war, and had not been cut down in their prime, as if they were no more than grass under the mowers sickle—may the Most High forgive me for the sinful words!—then, surely I should not have been reduced to spending all those hours, and days and weeks hesitating whether I shall or shall not go and beg for the scrap of food to keep myself alive... Who will say that I am in any way at fault for this that I must now go out and beg, openly and shamelessly?... It is my feebleness and my declining years which are to blame... The Most High, in His infinite mercy, has thought fit to chasten me for my sins; and who am I to make complaint?... Job of old was reduced to the level of a beast of the field, yet he would not curse God and die... I am not so low as he was, although, perhaps, my sins

are ten times greater than his, and ten times as many... The Most High, in His infinite mercy has only reduced me to beggary... Well, what am I that I should complain?... But, really and truly, I am not complaining. It is only that I am asking myself how to start begging...

Well, let us imagine that the beggar's wallet is already slung across my shoulder... I am standing outside the synagogue door, over against the scurvy, lousy, mumbling beggar. Velvel the hunchback who never stops anybody, but merely holds out his hand, as he goes on calmly scratching himself against the door-post... But, Oh, Dear Father of the Universe, this means that I shall be taking something from him, too, from that degraded being who is less than a beggar, and from whom I always averted my eyes even whilst giving him the few groschens... That's what begging means!... And, if it does—what then?... One must not, dare not spit out one's soul, even if one could. Even although one grovels in the dust, like a worm, one must keep that life which the Most High has granted one... Yes, that's what begging means...

Then, that is to say, I am standing outside the synagogue, sharing the few, the very few groschens with Velvel the hunchback... Well, here comes Feivel the merchant, walking out of the synagogue in his dignified manner. He sees me. He turns up his nose, and mutters: "Still another lousy beggar! They swarm about one like flies around jam... What is one to do with them?" .. This means, that he is undecided to whom to give his few groschens, whether to Velvel or to me... Presently he recognises me, and he says in a sort of aggrieved tone of voice: "You? You turned beggar, too? Shame on you—shame!"... I drop my eyes, and turn away from him, as if I were a thief caught in the act...

He gives the groschen to Velvel... I know why. It is because I am not a real beggar, but just some sort of a make-belief who ought not to be encouraged... But, it is not for a beggar to care what the rich folks think. A beggar is a beggar, and nothing more; therefore, he must beg,

despite every obstacle which is put in his way... The groschen has gone to Velvel it is true, but that does not mean I am to give up begging. On the contrary, one has to be much more of a beggar on that account...

To attract notice to myself, I bow my shoulders, and whine more pitifully than before : "A groschen for a poor old man!"

Oh, life is a hideous mockery! Life is worse than hell itself.... But, hush, beggar, be silent! It is not for you to philosophise, to make comments on anything. If you are a beggar, then all that is left for you to do is to beg... Beg, beggar, beg, and hold your tongue!...

Then, I am a beggar... Wealthy folks stare at me. Some fling me a copper, others fling me a glance only, and pass on... It seems to me that the charitable are asking themselves : "To give, or not to give?... Perhaps this new rival of Velvel's in not in such dire need at all, but is merely taking advantage of his pitiful-looking old age?"... I can almost see the question passing through their minds, as if it were printed on paper... But, would it help them to decide in my favour if I were to tell them of all that I went through before I ultimately surrendered to my fate and took up the beggar's wallet?... Even if one has the time and the opportunity, one cannot explain these things ; for, who is there would take the trouble to understand and sympathise?... In any case, every heart has its own woes nowadays. The Angel of Death has breathed on every soul, and darkened it, and bowed it to the earth... Perhaps even those who have not been reduced to beggary are also asking themselves if life is worth anything more than the thistle-down which is scattered on the summer breeze?... After all, there are worse misfortunes than having to take up the beggar's wallet...

And what of those old friends of mine with whom I studied the Holy Books in those far-away times before life became so bitter and so mortifying?... What will they say when they find me standing outside the synagogue,

holding out my hand, a beggar, and Velvel's new rival? .. If they turn away from me in disdain, or if they pity me, it will be all one to me ; for, really, how far removed is pity from contempt?... But, a beggar has to make every effort to awaken pity in the hearts of those from whom he is begging. It is by pity that he lives, even if it is because of this same pity that his whole life is made unbearable...

As a beggar, I can have no place amongst the learned ; for, since my body demands food at so ignominous a price, my soul shrinks and shrinks within me. So, it comes back to this, once more, that if you are a beggar you beg That is the whole philosophy of a beggar's life...

There are folks who never pass a beggar by without giving him something. But, their manner says : "Here, dog, here is a bone for you. Gnaw it!"... And, one has to become blind and deaf, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, and understanding nothing...

Then again, I have known folks whose pity for all suffering humanity was so broad, so great, so true and so profound that, even when they could give nothing, the most miserable wretch must feel that, so long as these folks are in the world, so long will it have hope and light and joy unending... The beggar feels that the Most High lives, and that His mercy and Lovingkindness are far, far above human understanding... But, for all that one can say in praise of goodness and saintliness, the beggar must keep on putting them away from him ; for, it is inevitable that everything else but the crust of bread ceases to matter to him. Really, that is what it means to be sure and remove there dots' be a beggar ; that is the curse which attaches to the miserable begging...

But, if one looks well into the matter, one is compelled to admit that so long as a man is a beggar, it is as well that he forgets all other considerations beyond that of begging ; for, it is only in forgetfulness that he can hope to win for himself the peace of mind without which not even the humblest creature can live—the surcease from mental agony... A beggar is merely a man who hides

away the scraps of bread and the odd groschens so that he may know he will have bread for one day at least... A beggar is a man who has no tomorrow; and he must have no yesterday, either. He must not, dare not look back upon his past and mourn for the days when he was respected and was counted a man amongst men...

Yes, that is what I have come to—already, the past is fading out of my mind, already all my finer feelings are dying out in my soul. Soon, everything which stamped me as a man amongst men will have departed from me..., Tomorrow, or next day, or next week—what does it matter when?—I shall have to go out into the streets and beg... What are pride and humility but names of things which mean nothing when one's stomach demands food?...

I admit that all my arguments are right; but, for all that, the great question still remains unanswered: How can one beg—how is one to start begging?

MA VIE

by Jean Cassou.

Elle était faite d'heures à moi, où je me contraignais, — mais moi-même! — comprimées entre des exigences étrangères. Le soleil m'accompagnait toujours, témoin de mes plus divers exercices, sauf quand je descendais dans la cave où je prenais mes repas avec les autres prisonniers. Là, nous pouvions chanter et je retrouvais des voix humaines. La descente dans ce souterrain avait un abandon, une douceur flottante qui réveillaient mon cœur : je m'enorgueillîssais de cette minute où mes mains, enfin inoccupées, caressaient au pàssage les murs humîdes, où mon pas s'alanguissait vers l'odeur des cuisines, la faim et la camaraderie. Lourd de cette nourriture et de ce bonheur, chacun, en remontant, pouvait reprendre sa tâche, sous le soleil qui ne disait rien.

C'était le soleil qui donnait aux oranges cette ardeur qu'un cerne précis distingue des autres objets. S'il pleuvait, le marchand, sur la place, les recouvrait d'une bâche, mais lorsqu'un acheteur s'approchait, le marchand découvrait leur couleur, et du contact de cette flamme avec l'eau du ciel, naissait pour moi un plaisir qui accroissait ma soif. Et je devais passer, poursuivi par le marteau du travail et de la captivité.

Aussi, le long des murailles, au-dessus de la prairie où couraient des chevaux et, autour de la cathédrale interdite, à l'ombre de laquelle il eût été rafraîchissant de séjourner, et parmi la foule qui circule librement, et avec le sergent de ville ou le garçon de café qui jouissent de cette circulation, chaque matin. A peine avais-je le temps d'arracher à quelque grille une branche de chèvrefeuille pour m'en faire un scapulaire.

Mais délivré, je retrouvais tous les lieux auxquels je n'avais pu adresser la parole et les fenêtres où mes regards avaient battu des ailes dans l'éclair d'une colombe verte. J'épuisais, pas à pas, le silence des ruelles, des pierres historiques, des palmiers et des fauteuils d'osier qui encadrent l'entrée des hôtels, et l'après-midi oublié des bibliothèques harmonieuses. Sur la plate-forme des tramways, parmi les jeunes filles anglaises, le même soleil me nimbait à tel point que je le voulais voir figurer ma gloire. J'étais si pauvre et si perdu que toutes les affections m'étaient ouvertes et tous les rêves permis.

Un jour je pensais à l'Allemagne, un autre jour à l'avenir. J'étais resté l'enfant qui, le jeudi soir, découvre qu'il aime la petite compagne de jeux avec laquelle il a passé l'après-midi, et qui, promenant son extase le long du corridor solitaire, trouve des regards dans les ténèbres ; l'étudiant qui fume, couché en travers de son lit, la tête tombée sous la chaleur de la lampe, sous les mouches de l'été, sous les feuillages de la paresse et du désir. Je croyais que tous les hommes n'en faisaient qu'un, et les femmes un monde compact de cheveux délirants et d'étranges tendresses mêlées, mais je distinguais savamment les alcools, les livres, les heures, les paysages et les aspects que prend le petit bois de sapins selon que l'on cligne plus ou moins les yeux.

Le soir, j'allais chez mon père qui vivait seul, loin de sa jeunesse et loin de moi. Il me montrait ses collections de médailles et de papillons et me donnait à boire. Chaque soirée avait un goût spécial, selon le vin bu ce soir-là. Le tabac lourd, la solitude et les tentures démodées donnaient à son intérieur une odeur particulière qui me faisait transpirer. Mon père ne me parlait jamais de lui ni de moi, mais de certaines choses qui n'existaient que dans son esprit et dont il s'imaginait naïvement que l'enseignement pourrait m'être utile quelque jour. Je l'écoutais comme on écoute un voyageur vous prévenir contre les périls d'un pays où l'on sait qu'on n'ira jamais. Je plaignais ses chiens, ses domestiques et ses meubles de croire que

l'univers était pareil à cette maison, et l'ignorance où il était de mon soleil et de mes repas souterrains me faisait peine et envie. Je ne comprenais pas qu'il s'était oublié lui-même sur un de ces chemins où je devais m'oublier plus tard, et qu'il nous faut tous en venir là.

En hiver, lorsque je sortais de chez lui, le chemin du retour jusqu'à ma prison me paraissait plus long que jamais. Le vent, autour de moi, me faisait ressembler à un général qui visite le terrain la veille d'une bataille. Mais en été, je m'attardais à tous les parfums que je retrouvais, mes pas meurtris trébuchaient à chacune des étoiles vers la bénédiction desquelles je montais. J'ai connu chez mon père des ivresses que je ne saurais redire, je m'y suis senti respirer, boire et penser. Car j'aspirais aux années que je comptais parcourir jusqu'à son calme sommet, jusqu'à ce sommeil satisfait dont il me donnait l'exemple. En rentrant dans la cour, avant de me coucher, je buvais fièvreusement l'eau de la fontaine, comme un vin supplémentaire.

Je souffrais merveilleusement, j'étais toujours tendu dans quelque lutte pour une victoire dont je savais exactement le prix. J'attendais la fin de ces années d'apprentissage sans douter un seul instant qu'elle ne fût triomphale. J'étais assuré qu'alors la terre entière se diviserait et que chaque part se nommerait par mon nom. Alors, pensais-je, le fruit de tant d'amour et de tant de douleur m'emplira la bouche, et je reviendrai ici reprendre tout ce que j'y aurai laissé. Je m'y endormirai comme un enfant s'endort, le soir de Noel, parmi les jouets qui gorgent son lit.

Je suis revenu aux lieux de ma détresse. J'ai revu les murailles, les filles des plantes que j'avais aimées, et la maison de mon père.

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Mon père, bien que vieilli, n'avait pas changé de place un jour de ses années. J'ai bu de son vin et j'ai tendu mon oreille morte à ses éternels propos.

Père, père! Est-ce là ma vie que je retrouve, telle que je l'avais laissée? Elle est restée autour de vous, sans que vous la voyiez, comme vous ne l'aviez jamais vue! Mais moi, je la revois, de ces yeux que les larmes étouffent. Elle est étendue devant moi, je l'ai laissée là, comme le parfum que laisse le castor qui s'est châtré avec les dents.

Etendue sur les murailles, dans le silence de cette province. Muette et vierge comme une vierge étranglée. O Dieu! Où suis-je allé et qui suis-je devenu, puisqu'elle est toujours là depuis tant d'années où j'ai cru vivre?

Il faut que je tire ma ville de ma tête, que j'en déploie les horizons. Le cri des trains s'émousse contre mon cœur. Au détour d'une rue, j'ai retrouvé ma ville, grandie et chaude, qui riait, découvrait ses seins et palpitait comme une fumée. Oh! c'est là que je suis passé, dans une nuit électrique, parmi les yeux intelligents et sinueux des autos, chantant les chansons de mes camarades, portant les corps de mes camarades comme un joyeux blessé. Mais moi, ce n'est plus qu'un squelette parmi d'autres, une planche anatomique, très malade.

Tous ces temps annoncés et révolus, croyant poursuivre mon destin, j'ai plongé ma main, tremblante de toucher quelque chose, parmi ce paquet de serpents vifs, et mes yeux brûlés ont cru voir ce qu'ils ne pouvaient plus voir, puisque c'était fini. Je sais qu'ici j'ai embrassé des flammes ; mais depuis, tant de femmes, si je les ai caressées, je les avais vidées de tout espoir et de toute agitation. Les formes seules me sont données, et comme le danseur qui rentre dans la danse, je dois retourner dans une presse de crânes déjà nus.

L'orchestre de chez Maxim's a une façon sérieuse, puissante et comme réfléchie de reprendre le même air qui n'est pas celle des orchestres des autres bars. Alors les gueules que je vois dans la glace se retournent avides et la bouche ouverte, comme celles qui se précipitaient sur le passage du Christ. On allait le voir, ce phénomène, cet homme célèbre! On courait le voir jusqu'à ce lieu où

il parut, entre deux jacinthes dressées dans des vases à filets d'or.

Quel spectacle! Et mes aventures ne sont plus que des spectacles, et les faits divers des journaux, les menus des restaurants et cette foule pantelante accrochée à une musique ou à un événement et dont les os piquent mes os et se confondent avec eux. Le passage de l'ombre à la lumière est devenu aussi artificiel pour moi que pour le cerveau d'un peintre. Cette vaine idée de durer, je vois que je l'ai laissée là, dans mes nuits paternelles et les premiers alcools et le premier soleil de mes prisons.

Je veux autre chose à présent : c'est imiter les animaux. Leur image est sacrée. J'aime leurs pattes qui marchent, leurs muffes qui respirent, l'effort qui se limite à leurs yeux ronds et clairs. La courbe qu'ils tracent ne s'est jamais élevèe, ils n'ont rien engagé, ils sont restés intègres et purs. Je siegerai leur dernier acte qui est la mort dans un petit espace : une décadence très simple. Je suis devenu un grand acteur : puissé-je reproduire parfaitement cet abandon de leur tête sur leurs griffes et cette langue qui pend!

Immortelle? O ma vie! Tu es là, dans mon retour et l'éblouissement que j'ai reçu en sortant de la gare. La place est là, et le marchand d'oranges sur la place, l'amour indistinct, l'avenir que je croyais peuplé, la loi dure, les évasions trop courtes, mes pas sur le chemin de ta demeure, mon père, le fer dont l'été me marquait le front.

Tu n'es plus que là, ma vie, entière comme un rêve où l'on ne retrouve aucun des éléments de la journée, comme un personnage de roman inventé de toute pièce malgré l'angoisse de la lectrice amoureuse.

J'ai perdu les étoiles, j'ai versé le vin par la fenêtre vers les paysages qui étaient bons pour mes yeux. Je n'ai rien à dire aux autres hommes, j'ai tout dit, je n'ai rien dit. Les anges ont laissé ma vie sur la terre. L'ont-ils vue? Ils emportent des choses dont nous ne comprenons pas la forme, enveloppées qu'elles sont comme des choses, et nuageuses. Ils l'ont laissée comme une pierre que le

pied paresseux ne repousse même pas. Et moi, je n'ai jamais rien fait de mieux que cette vie là, cette petite vie si fière, si brève.

L'éternité n'a qu'un temps. Après, on recommence, avec la patience d'une saison, à revenir, à recommencer. A porter son nom de baptême. A se fixer, fixe, comme l'eau qui coule, coule.

A regarder d'un même œil la belle fille qui tombe, ouverte, comme un pantin, la promeneuse qui ralentit sa marche, l'enfant qui s'amuse toute seule par terre, à côté des pédales, sous le piano noir.

A se briser (qu'importe, puisque la vie est oubliée ?) contre un événement, un hasard de cœur ou d'argent, à liquider ses comptes, à rappeler à une mourante qu'on aurait pu l'aimer.

A chercher des romances chez le marchand du quai, à collectionner des cartes postales, des agendas.

Les agendas de l'année où tu vivais, rappelle-toi, leurs feuilles frémissaient au vent ; rappelle-toi aussi le goût du sel quand tu embrassais le feuillage pâle des tamaris, sur la falaise. Ton père radote ; lui et toi, vous avez atteint le même âge : tu l'as bien vite rattrapé !

VISITING DAY

by D. M. Garman.

The suburb of London to which Mr. Spouncer had migrated after his marriage, had most things in common with any other suburb. There were palings of split oak in front of the privet hedges hiding the larger houses, and surrounding the smaller were low brick walls surmounted by green iron bars. There was a tennis club which attracted the less wealthy on Sundays and holidays, a bowling green for the old men and several religious buildings for the old ladies. Extreme poverty had been excluded, yet there were few rich people; crime was unknown, but virtue made no headway; and though most of the inhabitants wanted to get on in the world there was only one ambitious man in the place, and he was a socialist. In a small park stunted trees wilted by the sides of the cinder paths and the leaves that fell from them in autumn were burnt in large heaps by a decrepit old man. It was he, presumably, who during the spring planted out the more common species of plants—snap-dragons and michaelmas daisies—which occasionally flowered in the summer. No one, however, noticed if they died though had they not been planted, questions would have been asked in the Urban District Council.

As it was Sunday there was a fire in every kitchen—rare extravagance necessitated by the universal custom of eating roast beef once a week. The smell of cooking was almost identical in every street, though a keen nose might, perhaps, have detected the more pungent odour of horse-radish in Lime Avenue. The use of this sauce

helped to maintain the distinction which everyone admitted to exist between the inhabitants of Lime Avenue and the less influential streets. Propped against the curb-stone were several motor-bicycles with cushions strapped to the carriers, and in front of Blakenwyte—an ugly villa which strove to assimilate the charm of Elizabethan timbering with black paint and stucco—Berty Simmons was vigorously polishing the lamps of his two-seater. As Mr. Spouncer passed him on the way to the station he called out :

"Good morning Berty! Going for a run this afternoon?"

"Good morning Spouncer. Yes, I like to take the old ,bus for a spin when I get the chance."

He wore goggles and an airman's cap when he did so and saluted his acquaintances as though he were a soldier because, when the Armistice was declared, he had been just on the point of going to the front. He would always remember those days in the army, he used to say, he had had such a damned fine time, you know. Quite good-natured and uninteresting, Berty was as much a part of the town as the lamp-posts and lime trees, and the ownership of a motor car lent him a distinction which he did not possess.

"Are you going out to lunch?", he added, realising that Mr. Spouncer was coming away from his house.

"No, I'm going to see Mrs. Spouncer."

"O, of course. Well give her my regards, will you? I hope she's better—she must be fed up with bein' in hospital. Couldn't stand it myself."

"Yes, I'm hoping to have her back soon," said Mr. Spouncer in a listless voice. "Goodbye."

"Cheerioh! Sorry I can't give you a lift, but I've got to tune her up a bit first. So-long."

Mr. Spouncer continued on his way. He disliked "that cheeky young Simmons" very much : he did not like to be called Spouncer and resented the fact that while Berty was in a training camp, he had been obliged to parade the streets as a member of "Grannies Rifles"—too short-

sighted to join the army. Still in Rome one must do as the Romans do, and everyone else called him Berty. He hurried along afraid that he would miss his train, and the exercise brought small beads of perspiration to his forehead. It also made him hiccough : a fact which he tried vainly to hide by compressing his lips.

When he reached the station there was still ten minutes to wait, so he chatted to the man who punched his ticket and as there was no one else on the platform indulged in a swaggering little walk up and down the platform. Two little girls came in and Mr. Spouncer seeing them giggle sat down. He knew them both by sight but never spoke to them because their father had a first-class season to town ; and Mr. Spouncer always travelled third. Both the girls wore the blazers of the local high-school and their long brown legs stuck out inelegantly from short skirts. Mr. Spouncer was relieved when the train came in to see them depart with a noisy crowd of young men and women who got out of the train, dressed in tennis flannels and carrying tennis rackets and string bags with balls in them. He found a corner seat and sat down carefully to avoid crushing his Sunday suit. Then he lit a cigarette and smoked it in a genteel way, as though he were tasting its most subtle fragrance, trying to imitate the rich men whom he saw in the city smoking cigars. His efforts were lost on the other occupant of the carriage, a cheerful-looking navvy who chewed a quid of tobacco and at regular intervals spat the juice on to the floor, rubbing it in with his foot. Had he been alone Mr. Spouncer would also have spat, but he felt it would lower his prestige to do so in company. At the first stop a fellow grocer got into the carriage. In appearance he resembled Mr. Spouncer closely but there was a wide social gulf between them because he lived over his shop and did not go up to town every day. Mr. Spouncer's efforts to bridge the chasm by assuming an air of genial condescension were, in the eyes of the other, quite unnecessary since he, stout, older than Mr. Spouncer and good-natured, saw no difference between their positions.

"Hullo Spouncer! Pleased to meet you. It'll be company for us."

"Good afternoon, Smith. Fancy seeing you here." Then to emphasize the fact that Smith's home was not in surburbia, "What are you doing down in the country?"

"Oh I come down once in a while to sing the solo at St. Peter's. They had a Harvest Thanksgiving this morning and Mr. Wetherby—that's the Vicar—asked me if I'd lend them a hand. He used to be curate at our Church when I led the choir. He's a bit advanced in his ideas, what you might say High Church—messin' about with candles and that—but he likes a bit of music all the same, and it don't matter to me whether you call it mattins or choral communion so long as there's a catchy bit for the tenor and a chance to open up your lungs in the solo. Very pleasant service we 'ad this morning—very pleasant."

Mr. Spouncer knew nothing about church music so he waited for his friend's next remark.

"And where might you be going?", Smith asked after humming a few bars from the *Agnus Dei* and conducting an imaginary choir with his dirty hands.

"I'm going to see the wife. I like to get up on the Sunday because I can't leave the shop Thursdays, and they don't let you in any other time."

"Well I hope you'll find her all right. I know wnat it means having your Missus in hospital. When Emma was in Bartholomew's with dropped kidney, everything in the 'ome seemed to go wrong—children always late for school, no one to talk to of an evening and then your food never fit to eat. O, it's awful! Well I hope you'll soon be having her home again."

"Yes, I hope so," Mr. Spouncer replied without conviction. Then he added, remembering that the Smith's did not have a regular servant:

"But Tilly—that's our girl you know gets on pretty well with the cooking and that sort of thing, though I don't say it isn't a bit dull in the evenings."

As a matter of fact Mr. Spouncer had little reason for regretting his wife's absence in as much as they rarely exchanged more than a few sentences after supper. But he felt that he ought to miss her and so assumed that he did. Though he was only thirty-four he was old for his age—not in experience, that had come to an end shortly after his marriage, but in lassitude. He no longer played tennis yet he did not feel sufficiently elderly to join the older men at bowls, and because he was now the owner of a shop he forewent the convivial hours which he had been wont to spend, sipping his beer in the local public house. Now and then he took his wife to the theatre. They would sit in the cheapest seats in the dress-circle, and on Bank Holidays they visited his parents in the country. In politics he was a Liberal, feeling vaguely that they represented as well as possible the *via media* for which he unconsciously sought. For the same reason he was a protestant, though he took less interest in the conduct of his soul than in the management of his civil rights. In both cases, however, he liked to have an authority on whom he felt he could rely—had he ever thought of travelling on the Continent he would certainly have called in the assistance of Cook's Agency.

He left Mr. Smith at Russell Square station and walked towards the hospital. The few streets throught which he had to pass all bore the customary stamp of Sunday inanition—empty taxis, dusty pavements and groups of children in white muslin, on their way to Sunday school. Mr. Spouncer found his environment depressing. He would have been much happier sitting in his greasy armchair and sinking gradually into the state of dyspeptic coma which usually followed his Sunday dinner. He began to wonder why he bothered to come and see his wife, but immediately tried to surpress so unworthy a thought. He had no illusions about their relationship, never really thought about it. Still there were several things he could discuss with her more comfortably than with anyone else—such as where they should go for their summer holidays and

other things which, in their contemplation, gave colour to life. And there was another reason. Next to the bed occupied by Mrs. Spouncer, he had once noticed an ugly, sallow-faced woman who stared blankly in front of her or, when she thought no one was looking, took a furtive interest in her neighbour's conversation. That, he had decided, was because no one visited her and Mrs. Spouncer must not be made conspicuous like that.

He arrived at the hospital to find that visitors were not admitted for a quarter of an hour, and was annoyed that his watch had deceived him. It had made him waste his time and, like most men who find unstimulated thought too exacting, Mr. Spouncer preferred wasting his time over his Sunday newspaper. The usual group of people was already beginning to accumulate in the porch of the hospital. Everyone seemed mildly excited and those who carried large bunches of flowers tried not to look sorry for the rather sheepish little man who had none. Suddenly Mr. Spouncer noticed that he was the only man in the queue. The idea that men were not admitted crossed his mind and made him feel rather sticky—but of course they were, he had been there before on Sundays and no one had said anything. Of course it was all right, of course, he repeated to himself without, however, completely re-assuring himself. This disturbance of his placidity made him nervous. He took off his hat sideways and unostentationsly, but another man who had just come in and was lolling unconcernedly against the wall, kept his on his head. Mr. Spouncer noticed this and began to feel very hot. He wondered if anyone would notice if he were to pretend to tie up his shoe and at the same time put on his hat again. He thought he would try, but as he stooped he felt the spoke of an umbrella sticking into him and was obliged to stand up again still holding his hat in his hand. The woman who owned the umbrella was taller than Mr. Spouncer, a fact which he realised without turning round, by the ferocity with which she banged the ferrule on the ground. He suddenly remem-

bered his wife ; perhaps because she was smaller than he and did not frighten him. This gave him an idea : he would go and buy her some flowers so that he could put on his hat naturally.

In the street a flower woman sidled up to him and waved her wares under his nose. He asked the price of the chrysanthemums ; no, they wouldn't do : all the other people were taking chrysanthemums and a strong antipathy was between him and them. Instead he bought some roses, surprised to find them so cheap ; red roses with beads of water reluctantly rolling from the petals to the leaves. He was easily persuaded to buy fruit as well, choosing grapes to estrange himself more completely from those other people who took oranges and bananas, and also because he felt them to be in keeping with a sick room.

By the time he had made his purchases the stream of people was slowly entering the hospital and he followed them with a feeling of importance occasioned by his new clothes and the clean brown paper bag of fruit which he carried in his hand. He was rather piqued when it came to his turn that the porter did not recognise him ; he had been to the hospital as often as the girl in front of him yet she did not have to give her name, and *Spouncer* always sounded rather ludicrous. "Fourth floor, on the right" he was told, and began to climb the shallow steps.

Before he reached the fourth floor he had already begun his weekly ordeal. That pretty little girl with the stiff pigtails always made the other patients laugh at him by patting the back of her head. It wasn't his fault, damn it, that he had a double crown. No one could do anything with a double crown ; it always stood on end, even when he had just come from the barber's. Women were so silly when they were in the majority—it was all very well when they laughed the first time, he could pretend he didn't know what amused them, but when it happened every week he had to make some response. Last time he had tried smiling and shaking his first at her, but that had only made her laugh more. Cheeky little brat!

Outside the ward he hesitated, fumbled with his packages, patted his hair and then walked in, looking immediately for his tormentor. She was not there and Mr. Spouncer's muscles relaxed with pleasure. Had he known that the little girl had died he would have been very sorry, even have experienced a thrill of complacent magnanimity: as it was he only smiled and felt more self-assured.

At the far end of the room his wife was leaning forward in bed anxiously scanning the arrivals, but because she was short-sighted he saw her first. She recognised him almost immediately however, and waved her hand as though she were excited. Mr. Spouncer would have felt flattered had he been allowed to do so in peace, but his wife's eagerness jarred with the afternoon drowsiness of the ward and drew people's attention first to herself and then to him. He blushed slightly and though he knew the time, looked hard at the clock so that he might appear less connected with Mrs. Spouncer's gesticulations.

"Good afternoon, dear. How are you feeling to-day? You look much better", he said as he kissed his wife on the cheek.

She was a little woman: dark-haired and rather pale with large eyes and a mouth that seemed to expand when she smiled, until the rest of her face grew insignificant. She did not reply for a moment but reached up to his shoulder, impelling his mouth towards her own. Mr. Spouncer was disconcerted. A prefunctory kiss on his part and a squeeze of her hand was their usual greeting... She had only tried to kiss him like this once, and then there was no one else in the room—it was the night after they had been married. But now with all these people about it didn't seem quite right. In any case a woman should wait to be made love to, unless she was one of those... Mr. Spouncer was growing alarmed at the unlicensed excursions that his mind was making into a past which he considered closed, and to put an end to his discomfiture drew attention to the flowers which he had brought.

"O, Jim, you are a dear! Red roses—that means true

love you know. Jim I'm glad you've come. You don't know what its like lying here all day with these dead women round you—yes, they are dead. Most of them aren't even married, and if they are just look at their husbands—they couldn't miss them much any way."

Mr. Spouncer looked anxiously at his wife. She must be delirious. What the devil could he do, or even say, when his wife started talking like that about other women? He was frightened, but at the same time flattered by her pleasure; unaware that to his wife he stood, for the moment, as her complement rather than her Jim. She herself was proud of him. He was not ugly and even if he was short he wore good clothes, which was more than most of the visitors did. So she deceived herself: failing, as he did, to see the cause of her exaltation in the instinct of possession which he aroused in her. In the trivial existence to which she had become accustomed, mending his clothes had come to mean more than touching his skin; looking after him had usurped the place of loving him and he, too, had forgotten the desire to excite her. But in the monotonous cleanliness of this great soulless room, surrounded by women who were too occupied with their suffering or their ministering to give her the little emotional escape of which she felt the need, she had begun to feel the importance of her physical life, to turn to that one occasion when she had lived for a short time without restraint.

A woman, she was less self-conscious asto her emotions than he, and gradually her enthusiasm and the pressure of her hand made him forget the other people in the ward. He felt strangely vigourous without being able to analyse his feelings; he enen suggested their going away directly she came out, instead of waiting until the summer. He no longer looked upon himself as an intruder, but resented the presence of others in what should have been his room. When a nurse came to straighten the counterpane and stayed to gossip with his wife, he forgot to be friendly and sat aloof, scowling despite himself. For the first

time in his life Mr. Spouncer was jealous. As he looked round the ward and saw all the patients in their night-dresses, many of them with their hair hanging loose over their shoulders, he felt kindly disposed towards them. And his kindliness was mixed with pity because they did not attract him. Usually he had found the two hours of his visit rather tedious towards the end and had welcomed the appearance of his sister-in-law. To-day he did not even reproach himself for the animosity which her coming aroused in him.

Miss Forespite was older than her sister and discussed questions of domestic worry—father's lumbago and the price of potatoes at Nevinson's—and enquired what clothes Mrs. Spouncer would need. This afternoon Mr. Spouncer found himself unable to take his usual tepid part in the conversation : instead he sat and listened, trying to discover the reason for his antipathy. No, she wasn't ugly, not really an old-maid ; and she was certainly very kind-hearted. But she was out of place, did not understand—yes, that was it, she was unmarried. As he came to this conclusion he smiled a fatherly smile, and while Miss Forespite was busy untying a piece of string he leaned over his wife and whispered :

"Tell her to go. I want to speak to you alone, and its almost 4 o'clock already."

Mrs. Spouncer smiled in her turn and remembered the story of Cleopatra and Anthony—how dull she must feel poor thing tied up like a mummy.

"Loo," she said, and couldn't help feeling maliciously superior, "Loo, do you mind going a bit early this afternoon. I want to talk to Jim. You see he can't come on Thursdays and you can."

Miss Forespite was rather disconcerted. There was something almost indelicate in this wish to be rid of her. Whatever could they have to say to each other after being married seven years that she couldn't hear, she would like to know. But she was good-natured and went almost immediately.

There was, in fact, nothing said that it would have mattered her hearing—neither Mr. Spouncer nor his wife had anything to say to each other, but they were glad to be alone. The passive state of mind occasioned by several years of unemotional marriage, had robbed them of the ability to express themselves with ease on any subject which concerned them so nearly as this new-found relationship which they vaguely felt to exist between them. Neither of them would have cared to admit the presence of any strange feeling for the other : much less did it strike them that until this afternoon their lives had unconsciously been eradicating all physical influences—influences which for an unknown reason were now making themselves apparent. They had no religious conception of marriage, no inkling of love—bounded as they were by the claims of unimpassioned decency—and the magic influence which was drawing them together for the first time was pleasant, though unexplicable.

Mr. Spouncer found himself watching his wife's mouth. He bit his lip and pretended to shake up her pillow so that his hand might rest for a moment on her shoulder. His breathing seemed to take place at the back of his nose and throat, and unconsciously his chest was expanded.

"I ought to be out in about ten days, Jim. Its more than three weeks since I had the operation. O, I do hope this weather will last," she said as she watched the sunlight make yellow patches on the polished floor.

He answered with some remark abour Indian summers but broke off in the middle because that was not what he meant to say. Conversation was always rather difficult for Mr. Spouncer, and today his mind was so consfued —besides he couldn't say what he wanted to with all these people about. Perhaps Mary wouldn't like him to either.

A peremptory bell rang and Mr. Spouncer stood up obediently. For the second time that afternoon he was aware of a complete estrangement between him and the other visitors, but this time the feeling was aggressive rather than subservient. He must say goodbye quickly

and get out before the crowd. It would be difficult. Mary would want to kiss him again and now he wanted to kiss her, but to do so as he wished would be almost impossible with so many people looking on. Should he snatch her out of bed and run to the door? Should he shout at the top of his voice that he loved her and didn't care a damn for any of them, nurses and all? He picked up his hat trying to avoid the sight of Mrs. Spouncer's mouth. He would kiss her forehead and then go quickly.

"Goodbye, Mary. Only one more visit and then you'll be coming home. If there's anything I can send..."

But at the moment she did not want anything except to be kissed, and almost against his will Jim submitted to the hypnotism of the mouth that frightened him. Perhaps he would have found it more difficult to go had he not inadvertendly called her darling. But the starkness of the word made him flush and he drew back quickly, turning towards the door. Mary sat staring after him with pathetic eyes, but he did not turn round.

As he walked away he felt proudly self-conscious, like a horse in the show-ring that knows he is well turned-out. What a pity the little girl with the sticking-out pigtails wasn't there to see him now; at the moment his double crown suggested royalty and that short of thing. There was a bowl at the door for contributions into which, as a rule, he put sixpence. As he was looking for a shilling with which to celebrate his new-born independence a nurse came towards him and told him that Sister wished to speak to him before he went. Whatever could she want? he wondered, and put half-a-crown in the bowl, hoping it was to tell him his wife could go home.

The Sister was waiting for him in a little room just outside the ward, and as he entered she welcomed him with a kindly smile.

"Mr. Spouncer?"

"That's me. Pleased to meet you Sister."

He spoke bombastically, flattered that she knew his name, and there was a pertness in his manner which made him rather ridiculous.

"Well, Is uppose it's to tell me Mrs. Spouncer's coming out?" he enquired.

"Yes, if you can arrange to come for her on Wednesday, she may go home. You had better have a taxi or something to take her in, and of course the doctor will have to see her every other day. I'll give you her temperature chart and the prescriptions and..." The Sister was watching Mr. Spouncer's face which was flushed and excited. It was strange, but he did not look the sort of man to be much in love with his wife; and yet this eagerness, this ingenuousness happiness!

"Yes, and of course she'll still need a lot of looking after Mr. Spouncer, but I expect you can arrange for that."

The little man was still radiant: the thought of his being able to look after her was pleasant; he could put his arm round her then without dozens of people looking on. But the Sister was distressed. It was always difficult to tell anyone that their relations were going to die, but this man with his joyous naivete, made it harder. Still it had to be done.

"There is something else which I have to tell you, Mr. Spouncer. Of course it may not be as bad as it sounds,"—already the tension in her voice had subdued his smile of emancipation—"but your wife is in a very serious condition. When the doctors operated they found that their first diagnosis had been wrong. Your wife is really suffering from cancer and she may not live much longer. Naturally she knows nothing about it, and of course you must not let her find out—it would make her worse."

It seemed useless to make any expression of sorrow: the man was stunned, he scarcely seemed to be listening. Mr. Spouncer was looking at the Sister with vacant, fish-like eyes; he was rather pale and his lower jaw had dropped a little. He braced himself, snapped his lips together and forced himself to speak.

"Thank you, Miss I'll look after her."

Already he had forgotten his self-assurance: the tradesman had reasserted his sway. He walked away quickly,

his hat jammed tightly on his head and his eyes staring fixedly in front of him. Cancer! Then she'd die, and she looked so pretty this afternoon. But it wasn't that so much. No! He could never sleep with her now, that was it. He was very fierce as he thought of all the years he had lived with her and failed to love her: his insipidity galled him. And now she'd got cancer and he couldn't... Someone knocked against his arm as they passed and Mr. Spouncer broke into his revery, shocked at the nudity of his thoughts. After all in the street he couldn't go on like this. He ought to be sorry that she was going to die... well, so he was.

The rest of the way home Mr. Spouncer thought of the bedroom at home with flowers and medicine bottles in it. He supposed he would have to sleep in the little room and be bossed about by a trained nurse or his sister-in-law. It was so terrible just as she was looking so much better... and she was going to die, and he would never be able to... Again he found his thoughts wandering into the intimacy of conjugal embraces, and again he checked himself. He thought of the funeral. Perhaps his Sunday suit would do, it was almost black, and then when he went to the shop he could wear a black tie and an armlet. Everyone would be kind to him and he would hate them because they would know nothing of this afternoon. What sort of a wreath should he order? Would he have to walk behind the coffin or did you go in a cab? He had seen funerals in the street, but never really noticed what happened to the mourners. He would be very lonely, yes, very lonely, though perhaps Loo would look after him, or perhaps... but that didn't matter. His pity, already veering from his wife to himself, was no longer for her when he found that he had lost his return ticket. Damn! He always lost something. He wondered if Tilly would have tea ready for him when he got home; he would like a cup of tea.

STOCKTAKING

Towards a Revaluation of English Literature,

by DANIEL CHAUCER

VIII.

THE "SERIOUS" BOOK

I was once—in February 1917—sitting in a windowless railway carriage with a Sapper. He was reading a small book and laughing almost epileptically. An engine and most of the permanent way just in front of us having been destroyed by one or other of the marvels of applied science of that day we remained in that frozen landscape, motionless for quite a long time. He continued in his amusement, sometimes kicking out before him his spurred legs.

I asked him what caused him such joy and he handed me the small volume. He said he had picked it up from the floor of a smashed doctor's house in Hazebrouck. It was an English Manual of Electricity by one of the writers who had been a Great Scientific Name of my youth : I should as soon have thought of laughing at him as of laughing—oh, at the Ten Commandments on the wall of a Welsh chapel. It had been published in 1892. I told that officer of the Royal Engineers that a quarter of a century before I had been taught to revere that Manual as I had been taught to revere Thomas Carlyle. He said :

"It's tripe!" and, pushing the book into the pocket of his British warm, went to sleep

Now if in twenty five years a revered Manual can become tripe what chance have any of the "serious" books of all the world? They have this only chance: that by the way they are written, the nonsense that they contain may scrape past the eye of the reader. That is a clear statement.

It will be replied that twenty five years ago the knowledge of Applied Electricity was in its infancy. At any moment of time the whole knowledge of the world is in its infancy. Solomon was a wise man; Dante had all knowledge. Solomon however knew nothing of the theory of the Atom; Dante nothing of the theory of Relativity—as to which Newton, too, was ignorant. It is well to keep these platitudes in mind.

For, naturally, they have their converses. Solomon knew nothing of the theory of the Atom; but he knew facts of which we know nothing, about the cities of Ethiopia and the groves of Ophir—and he had an unrivalled way of putting things, a secret process lost to us.

> "For two things my heart is grieved: a man of war that suffereth from poverty and men of intelligence that are counted as refuse!"

Dante's all knowledge was a very little thing: he adapted his celestial topography from Virgil. Yet even Andres (and *fas est ab hoste*) remarks patronisingly:

> "To the *Commedia* of Dante, the sonnets of Petrarca and the *Decamerone* of Boccaccio, *three little books written for the purposes of satire, of gallantry and of feminine amusement*, we are to trace the origin of learning in modern times."

I do not know of a convenient sobriquet to apply to the factual book: English being strikingly lacking in critical terminology. In specifically English Literary Organs printed matter is divided under the following headings:

BOOKS RECEIVED

POETRY

W. Shakespeare: *Venus and Adonis*, a new edition with notes historical, critical and bibliographical by Professor Dodd.

BELLES LETTRES

C. Lamb : *The Essays of Elia*, a new edition with notes historical, critical and biographical, by Professor Dadd.

FICTION

The Way of All Flesh. (Fifield 6/- nett)

LITERATURE

Shaftesbury, the Seventh Earl of, K.G. The Life and Works of, Cheap Edition 3/6
Treatment, the Year Book of For 1896. A Critical Review for Practitioners of Medicine and Surgery. 7/6
World of Wonders. The Two volumes (400*ills.*) 7/6

This does not seem a very satisfactory classification : it may be well to regard *Treatment, the Yearbook of* as Literature, but why exclude the *Essays of Elia*? These, however, are puzzling and high matters into which it is better not to intrude. A working solution may be found nearer the earth.

Booksellers (1) and they surely more than anybody are interested in the dissemination of Literature—are accustomed to classify and to describe the books which they stock as Novels, Verse, Calendars, Diaries, Religion, Handbooks and "Serious" Works—the Serious Book including anything from Darwin's *Voyage of the Beagle* to Ruskin's *Notes on Sheepfolds*, Lord Morley's *Life of Diderot* or Mrs. Asquith's *Reminiscences*. So inclusive

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(1). Ref Booksellers I take the following touching passage from a contemporary necrological account of the last days of Nathaniel Parker Willis :

"Nathaniel Parker Willis died on Sunday evening, January 20 at Idlewild, his country home on the Hudson, having completed on that day his sixtieth year... It is a melancholy pleasure to know that his death was painless and that his mortal part was borne to the grave by sympathetic, appreciative and congenial friends. The pall bearers were H.W. Longfellow, S.G. Howe, O.W. Holmes, J.R. Lowell, J.T. Fields, E.P. Whipple and T.B. Aldrich. The funeral was largely attended, and during the services the bookstores of Boston were closed".

The remembering of this passage from the *Round Table* has frequently afforded me quiet satisfaction in hours of depression.

a title we may seize on gladly, leaving the heading Literature for later discussion.

But I was wrong to suggest that the supersession of technical knowledge in a mere manual was a symbol of the transitory nature of all knowledge. A Manual is as a rule a mere constatation and, as often as not, a perfectly honest constatation of where available technical information stands with regard to any given trade. Progress is then made in the secrets of that Craft or Mystery and that manual is superseded ; but the writer is neither dishonoured nor rendered ridiculous.

With the Serious Book it is different. It is a purveyor above all of Views ; its author, to the measure of the light vouchsafed him is a prophet. But all Views become, in Sapper's language, tripe : there is no escape for them : the moment they are expressed they begin to decay. The mere fact of expression is the beginning of the process and the more forcible the expression the quicker the process. Views in fact are like those bones that are found in ancient coffins or in niches in dry hillsides : the moment they are uncovered they begin to decay, to crumble beneath the eye until there is nothing left but a little dust that would not fill a cup. I once disintered two such skeletons : they lay perfect, like men resting but within the hour there was nothing of them left but all the teeth which my gardener sold to be dentist in the market town and two small round pieces of bone, the tops of the respective skulls. Those had lain there, looking over the sea, for 990 years as far as could be judged. Few indeed are the Serious Books of whose Views so much will remain alive after 990 years, as would fill in copybook hand those two small pieces of bone.

There are of course serious Thinkers who from time to time mop up, to use a vulgar phrase, all the truisms that may be going in the world of their day, express them and remain over long periods Type Philosophers. Thus you had, close together, Aristotle and Plato, the Stagirite living from B. C. 384-322 and dominating the thought

of the world till 1453 A. D., whilst Plato lived from 429-347 B. C. His works disappeared from circulation during the Dark Ages until round that fatal year they made their resurrection.

Then, to quote a writer still famous in my youth :

"The eloquence of Bessarion, and the example and patronage of the Medici, overpowered the partisans of Aristotle, and the Platonic Academy, instituted by Cosmo (de Medici) acquired additional strength. Till by the support and countenance of his grandson Lorenzo, it arrived at its highest pitch... By these quarrels the learned were divided into factions, and Leonardo Aretino, Poggio, Niccolo Niccoli and Beccatelli were opposed to Valla, Nicollo Perotti and others ; but the leaders of these parties often disagreed amongst themselves and scrupled not at times to accuse each other of the most scandalous enormities. As these imputations were however attended by no very serious consequences, charity would lead us to conclude that they were mutually understood to be rather contests of skill between these literary gladiators than proofs of real criminal ityin their respective antagonists. The life of a scholar is seldom stained by atrocious crimes ; *but* that almost all the learned men of the age should have disgraced themselves by so shameless a degree of moral turpitude is surely a supposition beyond the bounds of credibility" (1).

That passage has been one of the serious joys of my life. I read it when I was about fifteen and I remember how the "but" that I have taken the liberty of italicising delighted, as seeming to deprive the learned gentlemen of the poor benefit of the doubt that the preceding half sentence had accorded to them. I remember too, shewing the book to my grandfather—who took it away from me though agreeing that, along with Robertson's *Charles V* it was one of the Great Books of the World. He himself had been unable to read it. Anyhow, that was the birth of Learning as we know it in modern times : as to how it may stand to-day between the Platonists and the Aristotelians I hardly know. Mr. Skinner, the General Editor of a series of manuals published by the Oxford University Press, having stated that Plato's *Timaeus* is a

(1). Roscoe. The Life of Lorenzo De ,Medici. Ch. 1.

"book... dark and repulsive to the mind trained in the modern scientific method", goes on to say of Aristotle that: "Besides being a philosopher by choice he was a supreme naturalist by his natural endowments and he cannot suppress his love for nature and his capacity for observation" (1). So no doubt, in the sea of Science Aristotle has swum to the top once more. It is not for us to take sides.

Or it *is*! Let us who love Literature take sides with the supreme naturalist, since we cannot help it, Literature being neither more nor less than an exact observation and then an exact rendering of—anything.

We may as well now consider some "serious" books, looking again backwards. I regret that I am not in a position to write of any universally popular or generally read work of to-day. For that there are very obvious reasons; the universally popular and generally read works of any "to-day" have usually been extremely tendencious. Ruskin's *Unto this Last* had to be suppressed by Thackeray then Editor of the Cornhill Review; Carlyle's *French Revolution* and still more his *Life of Stirling* excited fierce controversy; and even the eagerly awaited *Life of Leo II* by Roscoe which was published in 1805 caused in its day its storm (2). And it is impossible to write of a tendent

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(1). C. Skinner. *Greek Biology and Medicine*. Oxford. 1922. I will trespass on the hospitality of this note to quote another delightful sentence that has consoled me even more than Roscoe on the New Learned. It occurs in a sermon on Contentment by an author no less serious than Law. After enumerating quite realistic circumstances, suchas an attack of toot hache, in which one should exhibit contentment he he concludes: "So that if a man throw a stone at a dog and hit his unjust Mother-in-Law he should say; 'O Lord, itsnot all that I had desired but, O Lord, it is enough'."

(2). "At length in the summer of 1806 the work, which had been in the press upwards of two years was published; one half of his copyright in it being disposed of to Messrs. Cadell and Davies for the liberal sum of £2.000. The first impression, which consisted of 1,000 copies was all disposed of soon after its publication; and the most flattering testimonies from those

ious "work of today" without appearing to take—and perhaps indeed taking—sides. I could not for instance praise the felicitous turns of phrase in Mr. Wells' "*Outline of History*" without appearing to agree with his propaganda which as a matter of fact I find detestable, nor could I express admiration for the way in which Professor Doctor Keynes marshals his statistics without seeming to connive at *his* militarist utterances. One ought to be able to do it; but there *is* such a thing as trying, as we have said, a horse too high!

So let us turn to the "supreme naturalists". This is in a sense a misfortune. Hitherto we have been able to get on with our work by means of quotations relatively hackneyed from books that almost any Proper Man might be expected to know. But when it comes to natural history, though the writing of it be an art, the pursuit of it is usually limited to scientists. Nowadays indeed its most popular manifestations are to be found on the screens of the Pictures. For that there is everything to be said.

But from our especial point of view the registration of the habits of birds or mammals by the camera, as opposed to observation by the eye and constatation by the pen of an artist, has the defect that in the final result the work of art is missing. Every member of a cinema audience would have to be an artist to get an artistic effect out of the film representation of a robin or a giraffe and, at that, the effect would be impermanent. One sees the robin or the giraffe and as a rule there the matter finishes: but a narration of an anecdote of one or the other from the

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whose judgment on the subject was most worthy of regard, followed the appearance of the work. This success was not owing to any favourable reception from the critics who almost generally spoke of it with an asperity which would for a time at least have sunk a less admirred and established author. They found fault with the whole—"both matter, form and style!" as Milton expresses it—and some proceeded so far in their imitation of Salmasius, as to throw out hints that he ought to be burned". *Memoir of William Roscoe* by his Son.

mouth or pen of a human being does set up, as it were, a vibration that is human.

This may sound transcendental to the person who has not the habit of thinking along those lines : let me illustrate it by an anecdote. I was standing, then, with three other officers in the mouth of a regimental dump in a disagreeable valley during the fighting on the Somme in July 1916. (A dump is a dug out or hollowed out space in the side of a hill in which the arms, ammunition and other necessities of a unit are sheltered from shell or other fire). It was a quite quiet evening. and we were waiting for dinner. In front of us, fifty yards away or so were four A. S. C. men standing in a small circle, gossiping, each with the bridle reins of three mules looped through his elbows behind him. A German shell dropped and exploded in the very centre of that small circle. One man and three mules lay on the ground ; the other three men after fighting for a moment with their animals let them go and bent over the man on the ground. The mules began to graze at once.

Being officers we naturally had to take charge, do what we could for the man, send to the Red Cross people whose station was in the wood just behind us, and so on. A piece of shell had gone right through that man.

Well, we went bach into the dug out for our dinner and were eating and conversing very peaceably about the playing of a hand of bridge that we had lately finished. Then, the talk drifting, one of the young fellows began to talk of an operation for appendicitis he had had to undergo. We had to stop him : the mere talking of cuttine flesh with a knife made us feel sick. Yet the sight of a man literally smashed into the dust had produced no emotions in us : certainly hardly more than I have put into the two paragraphs recording the affair. I know of no more striking tribute to the power of the word ; at any rate I have come across none...

It is that unknown equation that the field naturalist adds to the mere record—but that unknown equation

is the whole relationship of one man to another. And, probably, we read such writings as the *Selborne* of White, as far as we read it for matter, in order to come across the little, exact descriptions of human life and vicissitudes. Perhaps that is not the case ; but I think it is. And at any rate I am quite sure that most of the immense number of people that do read White read him in order to become acquainted as intimately as they may with that exact, humble and beautiful mind. What are Selbone and the old tortoise to us, or the South downs, those "pleasant and amusing mountains" ? Not even as much as Hecuba ! Or what are White's views—of the subaqueous hibernation swallons ? But he had been given simplicity that he might live !

Let us then read some beautiful prose.

"It was in March, bitterly cold, with an East wind which had been blowing many days, and overhead the sky was of a hard, steely grey. I was cycling along the valley of the Ebble, and finally, leaving it pushed up a long steep slope and set off over the high plain by a dusty road with the wind hard against me. A more desolate scene than the one before me it would be hard to imagine, for the land was all ploughed and stretched away before me, an endless succession of vasty grey fields, divided by wire fences. On all that space there was but one living thing in eight, a human form, a boy far away on the left side, standing in the middle of a big field with something which looked like a gun in his hand. Immediately after I saw him he, too, appeared to have caught sight of me, for turning he set off running as fast as he could over the ploughed ground towards the road as if intending to speak to me. The distance he would have to run was about a quarter of a mile and I doubted that he would be there in time to catch me, but he ran fast and the wind was against me, and he arrived at the road just as I got to that point. There by the side of the fence he stood, panting from his race, his handsome face glowing with colour, a boy about twelve or thirteen, with a fine strong figure, remarkably well dressed for a bird scarer. For that was what he was, and he carried a queer, heavy looking old gun. I got off my wheel and waited for him to speak, but he was silent and continued regarding me with the smiling countenance of one well pleased with himself. "Well ?" I said, but there was no answer ; he only kept on smiling.

"What did you want ?" I demanded impatiently.

"I didn't want anything".

"But you started Yes, I did" running here as fast as you could the moment you caught sight of me".

"Well, what did you do it for—what was your object in running here?"

"Just to see you pass", he answered.

It was a little ridiculous and vexed me at first, but by and by when I left him, after some more conversation, I felt rather pleased ; for it was a new and somewhat flattering experience to have any person run a long distance over a ploughed field, burdened with a heavy gun, "just to see me pass".

But it was not strange in the circumstances ; his hours in that grey, windy desolation must have seemed like days, and it was a break in the monotony, a little joyful excitement in getting to the road in time to see a passer-by more closely, and for a few moments have him a sense of human companionship".

That is by—alast!—the late W.H. Hudson

(To be continued.)

THE MAKING OF AMERICANS

by GERTRUDE STEIN.

V

As I was saying they had ten acres where they had every kind of fruit tree that could be got there to do any growing, and they had cows and dogs and horses and hay making, and the sun in the summer dry and baking, and the wind in the autumn and in the winter the rain beating and then in the spring time the hedge of roses to fence all these joys in.

The mother had always been accustomed to a well to do middle class living, to keeping a good table for her husband and the children, to dressing herself and her children in simple expensive clothing, to have the children get as presents whatever any one of them wanted to have at that time to amuse them. She was a sweet contented little woman who lived in her husband and her children, who only could know well to do middle class foreign american living, who never knew what it was her husband and her children were working out inside them and around them. She had strongly inside her the sense of being mistress of the household, the wife of a wealthy and good man and the mother of nice children. When they were little children they liked to cuddle to her when she took them out to visit the rich people who lived in the other part of Gossols. They were all bashful children, living as they did in the part of the town where no rich people were living and so being used to poor queer kind of people and only feeling really at home with them who were not people in the position that their father's fortune and large way of living would naturally make companions for them. And so as little children when they went to visit with their mother in the part of Gossols where other rich people were living, they clung to her or on the sofa where she would be sitting and talking, they climbed behind her, and then too she wore seal-skins and pleasant stuffs for children to rub against and feel as rich things to touch and have near them and so they liked to go with her, and this and the habit of being children with a mother was mostly all of the feeling that they

had for her until later when she was ailing and the little stubborn temper in her broke into weakness and helplessness inside her and they had in a way to be good to her.

They always in a way were good to her that is as much as they could remember to think about her, but it was not important inside to any of them to remember about her neither when as children they were near her or when later she was ailing and needed them to be good to her.

She was a little unimportant mother always to them and it was only as a part of the physical home around them that she belonged to them, either when as little children she was mistress of her house and attended to them or later when as weakening she needed to be taken care of by them.

This sweet little mother woman who had sometimes a fierce little temper in her that could be very stubborn when it arose strongly inside her, never knew really in her that she was not important to the children who had come into the world through her. She had a kind of important feeling always inside her. She had a little temper that could make her big husband pay attention to her and she had a power in her in respect to servants and governesses and seamstresses who worked for her. She did not feel it to be important to her what other people felt to her. The life in her family was all of living for her and her children she never thought about in the way of making them feel her.

She had a little pride inside her to make her husband feel her, she had a bigger pride inside her to make her dependents feel her, she had no pride in her to make her children feel her, they were so made of her by having come out into the world through her that they really were apart from her. She did not feel them near her even as little children when they were dependent on her. Later they were so big around her, and she was lost away from them and they never thought about her. But she never felt inside her any anger that they had no deep loving feeling in them for her, all the feeling of pride in her and all the feeling of being important to herself inside her was to make her husband feel her and when she had her little fierce stubborn temper rise inside her, to make him yield to her, or later when the temper broke down into weakness and helplessness inside her to have him then be good to her. All the rest of her feeling herself important to herself inside her had to do with her dependents and the struggles she had with them and they had among themselves and so to feel her.

No she never felt it ever to be very important to her the relation of other rich people of her kind toward her. She had left Bridgepoint and friends and family feeling all behind her. Here in Gossols it was only the house and the ten acre place and those inside on it that concerned her.

She knew the value of herself, and their well to do way of living, of her husband, and her nice children, and the simple

expensive clothing they wore when they went out visiting to that part of Gossols where the other rich people were living. She could know the value of them and the way other people must feel toward them but these things gave her no strong feeling of being important to them, the other people, who did not come close to her in her daily living. With them it was only a continuing of her well to do foreign american living which was the only kind of living it was right to her for anybody to be having. That was there. To have it gave her no important feeling. It was right to have a well to do good husband and nice children and all in simple and expensive clothing, but in the ten acre place in that part of Gossols where no other rich people were living she was cut off from a lively feeling of this right kind of living. Here it was she herself who was important to her feeling, here she was not only a right part of a right way of living, as it had been for her in Bridgepoint in her family in the way the Hissens had always done their living, but she had an individual feeling, not with her children they were completely of her and apart from her as was the right well to do foreign american living, it was always there so were her children but they were not important to her feeling. The things that made her important to herself in her feeling was the sometimes controlling her husband by her little temper when it arose to be fierce inside her and the stubborn way it sometimes gave her in acting, and in being mistress and deciding and being above them and yet in their daily living and so interfering with the seamstresses and governesses and servants and all the people they ever had working for them.

Being cut off from the simple rich ordinary way of living never gave her any feeling. It was not being cut off with any sense of losing, it was always there existing, in her and for her, this kind of living and it was not important to her feeling. It was as if one could ever be thinking about the different kinds of air in different parts of the world where one happened to be living, the atmosphere of well to do foreign american living was to her as the air she was breathing, it was always there she could not feel it important in her feeling or her thinking, breathing was there, one did not know it as important to one's feeling until one was in some way sick and it stopped or made hard ones's breathing, but so long as one was strong and living one went on like everybody else with one's breathing. And so it was with Mrs. Hersland and well to do foreign american living, she could not feel it to be important in her feeling whether it was in the rich part of Gossols that they were living, or in Bridgepoint, or in the part of Gossols where no other rich people were living. Always she was of the well to do foreign american being, with a good rich husband and nice children and when she wanted to have it simple and expensive clothing. The sense of belonging to this kind of living could never give her any kind of important feeling. Her husband David

Hersland with the queer nature of him might have an important feeling coming to him from just breathing, that feeling could come to him from the singular nature of him, from his being as big as all the world in his beginning, but to an ordinary gentle women there could never come such a feeling, this well to do living could only come to be important to her in her feeling if she could ever come to it through a losing, by their money going or by their losing position by some wrong doing, and such a kind of losing it could never come to Mrs. Hersland to ever think of as coming to them.

And so visiting and being, the well to do foreign american living and her children, these never gave her a strong feeling of being important inside her through them, it was only through her husband and the governesses and seamstresses and servants and dependents that she could ever have an individual kind of feeling.

It was queer that her children were to her like well to do foreign american living, not important to her feeling.

As I was saying David Hersland had made a decent fortune even before he had left Bridgepoint. He had made enough money to give his wife and children a good position. And so when they first came to Gossols where he was to make for himself a great fortune they could afford to live in as good a hotel as was then there existing.

Things began very well in their far western living. Martha and Alfred were then very young children. David the youngest had not yet been born to them. Here Mrs. Hersland had been at first a little lonesome.

Mrs. Hersland had left friends and family feeling behind her. Here in Gossols it would have been natural for her to find other people to continue with her the well to do foreign american living which was the only right way of being to her.

They lived for a year in that part of Gossols where all the rich people were living.

Here she had her first important feeling. Here she met a Miss Sophie Shilling and her sister Pauline Shilling and their mother old Mrs. Shilling.

Always Mrs. David Hersland had been a right part of a right kind of living. Not that she had not often had strong feeling, not that she did not have dignity in herself and in her family in her feeling, sometimes she had an angry stubborn feeling, sometimes with her sisters or her mother and later when they came together sometimes with Mr. David Hersland who was to be married to her. Sometimes it was a hurt feeling that made her sad not angry when any bad thing happened to her, sometimes it was a hurt feeling that made her a little bitter. All this had been important feeling to her, sometimes it had made a power of her but it did not give to her an important feeling to herself inside her. It was not apart in her from the feeling of herself to her as of the right well to do foreign

american living that had made her and which was the only right way of being for her.

Old Mrs. Shilling and her daughter Sophie Shilling and her other daughter Pauline Shilling, first gave to her the feeling of being important to herself inside her, important, apart in her, from right being, right acting, and the dignity of decent family living with good eating, being the mother of nice children, the wife of a good well to do man, and all in simple and expensive clothing.

This family of old Mrs. Shilling and the two daughters with her gave to Mrs. Hersland and the gentle dignity she always had inside her as part of the family she belonged to, gave to her a sense of a new power that was apart in her from the dignity of right being that she had always had around her. It was apart in her this sense of a new kind of power that she had with Mrs. Shilling and the fat daughter Sophie Shilling and the thin pretty queer daughter Pauline Shilling, it was apart in her from the dignity of right living that she had always had inside her. It was the fat daughter Sophie Shilling who was the new kind of friend to her, that gave her the sense of being important to herself inside her, Sophie Shilling made a new kind of friendship for her and it was a new sense that Mrs. Hersland had then inside her, different from all that she had always had in her, different from the right foreign american living that had made her.

All the Hissen people had it strongly inside them, the family way of good foreign american living. They were all in their natural way of family thinking gentle cheerful little men and women. They lived in their natural way of being, without any strong ambition. It was enough for them to hold to their tradition, the dignity and beauty of right living and right thinking, they never needed to go out to find ambition or excitement in their living, they had excitement and dignity inside them from their family and the gentle pride that made them, that, sometimes, came in sparkling, sometimes in angry flashes from them but mostly they were hurt not angry when any bad thing happened to them. They lived in their natural way of being without any strong ambition or excitement, they were each in their little circle joyful in the present, they lived and died in mildness and contentment.

They had never any one of them an important feeling of themselves inside them to arise of itself from within them. Such a kind of important feeling would not be in them in the way of living it was natural to any one of them to be having. Mrs. Fanny Hersland never would have had such a feeling if she had lived on in Bridgepoint, going on always with the right kind of foreign american being, she would often have had an angry feeling, sometimes with her family, or her husband, or for them when things happened to them to worry them, and sometimes it would be a hurt feeling that would lead to

bitter biting talking, sometimes it would be a hurt feeling that would make her sad not angry when any bad thing happened to them and always it would be she who had the feeling and the dignity and the good well to do husband and the simple and expensive clothing, and the nice children and she was the mother of them, but with all this strong feeling, with this being proud or angry or sad or stubborn or happy in her feeling, she would never have that kind of important feeling that she learned in Gossols to be having, first with Sophie Shilling as a beginning and then in Gossols later in the ten acre place where they were always staying cut off from being really a part of the right foreign american living.

She would have been a part, if she had gone on with her natural living, she would have been a part of right foreign american Hissen being ; she could have been in her feeling angry or sad or stubborn or happy, or biting in her talking, or hurt when any bad thing happened to them, she could have all this in her feeling and yet not have that kind of sense of importance to herself inside her that comes with the individual being.

The little religious father who had made them all, all his children, he could not make others not living with him feel him, the little religious father who had made all of his children feel him had such an important feeling inside him, it was his religion gave it to him, it did not arise of itself from within him. It was only being as he felt himself, all there was of religion, could have him such a feeling of being important to himself inside him. He could make all his children feel him, he could in a way make them fearful of him and the religion in him, and all the religion was of him and he was in himself all there was of religion, and so it was that he had the important feeling inside in him but this did not make any but his children feel him, it did not arise of itself inside him and he could not make any one who did not live with him feel it in him.

The little dreary mother with her trickling kind of weeping that she had every moment in her living, even, as when it sometimes happened, she was laughing, this dreary little trickling woman had with her sadness in religion and in her trickling weeping that kept on always wetting all the sorrow there could be in living, this trickling dreary little Mrs. Hissen who wept out all the sorrow for her children, had in her an important kind of being that was almost an important feeling, and this almost an important feeling did not come to her as in her husband from religion, it arose up inside in her with her trickling weeping.

Almost it was really an important feeling and it was the having too, such an almost important feeling that made her daughter Mrs. Hersland have really such a feeling when it came to her there in Gossols to have, for her, not natural way of living, and it first came as a beginning with the old lady

Mrs. Shilling and her fat daughter Sophie Shilling and the other daughter Pauline Shilling.

With all the other Hissen men and women there mostly was not such an important feeling inside in them, only with the eldest of them who had religion as the father had inside him, and with her it was as with him, the important feeling did not arise of itself inside her, and only her children could feel it in her, the way of being important that being all there was of religion gave their mother as a power over them in her.

Mostly the Hissen men and women, the children of the father and religion and the trickling dreary mother who hardly knew how she came to make them, in all these Hissen little men and women there was never very much of such important feeling. It was only way off there in Gossols, shut off from a lively feeling of the well to do foreign american living, shut off from her friends and family feeling, that Fanny Hissen, Mrs. Hersland, could find in herself a really important feeling.

All the little Hissen people had very strong family feeling. All together they were important to themselves in their feeling. Not that they did not each one alone have strong feeling and each one of course had in them a different way from all the others of them of being living or having an angry feeling. They all of course had in them their own individual way of thinking and of doing only they never had inside them each one for himself the real important feeling.

Some of them had often a very angry feeling, some had fierce tempers and sometimes bitter biting ways of talking, some had very stubborn ways inside them, and some had it mostly in them to be only hurt not angry when any bad thing happened to them. Yes they had each one of them their own way of feeling thinking and of doing but they had not any of them inside in them an important feeling of themselves inside them as the father had in religion and as the dreary mother almost had with her continuous way of trickling crying.

Some of the children, as I was saying, had it a little in them. The eldest daughter from her dull stubborn religion that was for her all there really was of living had it in herself and it gave her power over her young children. One, a little younger, Fanny, Mrs. Hersland, had from a, to her, not a natural way of living, and from having had it strongest of them all from the beginning, the almost important feeling that the mother had with her constant trickling, from being cut off from a lively feeling of right foreign american being, she had almost, before ending, a really important feeling. And one next to the youngest of them had a little such a feeling from almost an individual way of thinking, it never really came to a fruition but as with the mother in the constant trickling this one with constant and very nearly an individual kind of thinking had almost a real important feeling.

The Hissen family altogether were, and very really, important to themselves inside them in their feeling. Each one of

them had always for himself and all the others of them a dignity and a gentle way of making himself important to the others of them and to every one who ever came to know them. They were all of them, each one in the gentle dignity they all had in them, important to every one who ever came near to them. With some of them, their eyes flashed often with a sharp angry almost fierce feeling, that things happening could arouse within them, often with some of them they would be hurt and then their mouths were drooping. In some of them it was a very stubborn feeling that was the deepest thing inside them after the family way that made all them, and these were the hardest to live with and ever to be forgiven when they had been hurt or angry by something some one had done to them. But mostly the Hissen men and women were gentle cheerful little men and women, mostly they lived without ambition or excitement and mostly they were each in their little circle cheerful in the present. Mostly they lived and died in mildness and contentment.

Until they were all really grown men and women, until the women each one found a husband to control them and the men went into business and were independent of him, until they were in this sense grown men and women, until he died the father always wanted and succeeded in shuttin gthem all up to be always with him. This was not in him from any small feeling inside him but from the important feeling he had in him of being all there was for him of religion and it was his sense of the right way for them to be as children that made him shut them up so and keep them there close to him.

Later when the daughters were married and the sons working were independent of him and had left him, he never in any way wished to interfere with them, with their feeling, their religion, their way of thinking or their doing. When they were with him, they belonged there and he held them shut in with him, when they left him, grown up men and women, it was no longer for him to act upon them, they no longer were his necessary way of living. It was never his children that gave him an important feeling, his power over them when they were shut up with him never gave him any kind of an important feeling. No it was his being all there was of religion that gave him his important feeling, not his wife nor his children nor any power he had from them nor the power he never had with any one who did not live shut up with him. Nothing in such a way could give him an important feeling. They were his daily living, the necessary right way of doing, they were not important to his feeling, not in themselves nor in any power in him that came from them either as they were or as he made them. Such things could never come to him as an important feeling of himself inside him. It was only being all there was of religion that gave him such an important feeling.

It was queer unless you really could understand him, could really see how the important feeling came to be in him, it was certainly queer to just ordinary thinking to see a man who had been so rigid with his children, keeping them shut up with him, making them live every minute as he would have them, having no power with anyone who did not live so with him, it was queer that when these children came to be grown men and women, that is independent and living away from him, that he never in any way wanted to keep his hold on them. He had for them then as much affection as he ever had had for them, he always went to see them and was open and friendly with them but not in any way had he ever any kind of desire in him to interfere with them or their way of living or their thinking or their doing, —no not even with their feeling in religion. They were his children, yes, but not now a part of his necessary living, even when, as he did some years before dying, even when he was living with one of them who with her husband had very different ways of living, of thinking, and of feeling, in religion than he had it in him, even then he never interfered with them who were now independent of him, grown men and women. The only thing that gave him an important feeling was being all there was of religion. When his children were shut in with him they were a part of him, they had to do with his necessary way of being, they had to live in his important feeling, with his being all there was of religion, but when they had left him, when later he even lived with them, they were then no longer a part of him, he was then, all alone, all there was of religion. By that time his wife too had left him, had died away and left him. Always in her living she had never been quite of him, she had been cut off from him, by her having from her constant trickling crying an almost important feeling. And so this old man who was to himself all there was of religion, to whom religion and himself was all there was of living, who had kept his children close shut up with him every minute of their living until they were for him grown up men and women this old man who never had had any power in him for any one who was not shut up with him, this old man had a queer way of being almost perfect in his toleration of things that were all different from his way of thinking and feeling and believing, even with religion, even with his children, now when they were independent of him.

So strong was it in him, this tolerating spirit toward them when they were grown men and women to him, that even when later in their living they sometimes asked him to guide them he then would refuse it to them, for they were then apart from him, he was all there was of religion, religion was all there was of being for him ; that made him important to himself inside him. It was not for him to guide them they who were apart from him, they were then as all the world always had been, he had no power over anything not shut up with him, and

so he had a tolerant spirit for everything that was not him, for his children how when they were grown up and independent even when as it happened later he was living with some of them.

One of them who had come to be grown up for him was the Fanny Hissen who had married David Hersland the man who was as big as all the world in his beginning and strong to prove this, his feeling, on all who met him, not only on them who were shut up with him, everybody always felt this in him, once he was as big as all the world around him, he was it, it was in him, there was no difference with it inside him or outside for him ; in his beginning with Fanny Hissen when she first began her living with him she wanted to do as he would have her do in all things. It came to them, in religion, that his ways were not the ways that had been right for her to have when she was living with her family, when they had been all living, shut in with the father who was all there was of religion.

It came one day to a very great division between her husband's way of thinking and feeling in religion and her father's ways as she had learned to have them inside her when she with all her sisters and her brothers were living shut in with him.

Later in the old man's living, when his wife had died away and left him, he came to live with a daughter who had not any kind of an important feeling to herself inside her, neither from a religion to be all her nor from a constant rising up inside her as the dreary mother had it in her to have an almost important feeling to be inside her from the constant trickling of her. The father later came to live with this daughter who had a gentle dignity and good ways in her from the sweet nature of her not from any important feeling in her, and she and the man who was married to her, both, though they had respect in them for the father, and goodness and a delicate feeling to consider all who ever had to do with them, though they were glad to do for him everything he wanted them to be yet they had together very different ways of thinking, of feeling, and of living than he had known it to be right to hav· '1 his life in his necessary living.

The old father, strong as he always had been i ıs nature, firm in being for himself all there was of religion, knowing to his dying that religion was all there was of living, yet never in any way was he ever interfering in the living and the feeling and the thinking of his daughter or her husband or any of their children or any of his own children who were there in the same house with him. Now, for him who was no longer leading in a house with others shut up with him, with him who was all there was of religion, for him, now, that they were apart from him being grown men and women to him, even though they were all together every minute with him, although he was up to the last moment of dying as strong as ever in the faith of him, to be himself and to be all there was of religion,

yet now it was not for him to ever in any way interfere with any one of them. He never found out anything that was happening, anything that he would not wish to know that any one of them was doing. What a man does not know can never be a worry to him. This was his answer to his children whenever any one of them wanted to explain anything to him or to get him to agree to any new thing in their living.

And so he went on to the last minute of his living, never having had any power in him over any one who was not shut up with him and a necessary part of his living, strong always in his being to himself all that there was of religion, strong in knowing that religion was all there was of being. And so he went on with his living, now never interfering with anybody's living, now that he was himself for himself all there was of living, all there was of religion, and religion always was all there was of living. And so he went on to his dying and through his being so all himself all there was of living and of religion, he was in his old age full of toleration, and slowly in his dying it was a great death that met him. He was himself all there was of him, all there was of religion, and religion was all there was of living for him, and so the dying from old age that came slowly to him all came together to be him. He was religion, death could not rob him, he could lose nothing in his dying, he was all that there was of him, all there was of religion, and religion was all there was of living, and so he, dying of old age, without struggling, met himself by himself in his dying, for religion was everlasting, and so for him there could be no ending, he and religion and living and dying were all one and everything and every one and it was for himself that he was all one, living, dying, being, and religion.

Even his dead wife with her trickling crying that had been to her almost an important feeling of herself inside her, even she had been apart from him, and his children when they were no longer shut up with him were apart from him. All and everything was apart from him, and so he died, and with him died his important feeling, for even in his dying he had no power in him for any one not shut up with him. He was all of power for him for he was for himself all there was of religion. And that was all and he ever had had any power in him for anything not shut up with him. And so he died away and left them and his important feeling died inside with him.

CHRONIQUES

I

London, August.

The roads are always under repair in London. As a symptom this is important. Old Regent Street is going, the Crescent remains, a column or two peeps from a neglected alley-way and the arcade at Picadilly Circus mocks Swan and Edgars. Regent Street looks like a mouth that has just been to a dentist, gaping holes and stoppings and vulgar gold teeth spoil a once gleaming double curve. The new buildings are ugly. They are arbitrary masks hiding what may be utilitarian ; but there is no physiognomy, and, without that architecture is dead. The English architectural countenance is to be seen almost exclusively in the slums of Bloomsbury and Westminster, or in some of the Northern towns to which the industrial revolution came with something of the force and discoloration of a black eye. I do not like Bush House. I do not like its face, and I am confirmed in that dislike by a picture of the Shelton Hotel in New York. If the likeness is exact it must be the greatest and most fittingly individual building modern civilisation has produced. The hoardings of London should be plastered with its picture and a model placed on a throne in the middle of Wembley Exhibition.

London recently has suffered the vision of an art in its infancy vigorously kicking for exercise. The cinema seems to hold out a funnel for many of the unrelated expressions of present-day life. Architecture is changing. The reign of ferro-concrete has begun in earnest now that precedents based on earlier laws have been thrown overboard. In any art that is not bastard the material should declare its own canons. The cinema seems to be struggling in this direction. Disadvantages it certainly has, convict chains forged chiefly from old dramatic legacies. It is bound down to photographic processes.

To the difficulties of painting it adds motion in its translation from three into two dimensions. But it can play with light and shadow, time and space ; it has unapprehended possibilities of simultaneity. Its architecture can be arbitrary to a degree that stone and wood and metal will not permit and, whether you like it it not, it seems the only medium in which real fantasy can be expressed without the scarifying sentimentality of a Barrie. Above all it holds possibilities that are obscured in the word "movies". The finest effects are obtained, not from motion, but from immobility. Three Continental films: *Caligari*, *Destiny*, (the title stupidly changed from its original: *Weary Death*) and *The Street*, have shewn the possibilities of unity in the cinema. *Caligari*, now five years old, with all its defects of artistic *snobbisme* and macabre excess pursues a madman in his hallucinations to rigidly logical conclusions. *Destiny*, perhaps the finest film so far realised, with Goetze as Death, is an object lesson in rhythmic structure, the most difficult obstacle that the cinema has to surmount. *The Street* is like an icy shower bath in the repeated exhilaration of its technical perfection and the acting of Eugene Klopfer whose game of cards is an historic document, almost a touchstone for this elusive business of rhythm. It is probable that these films will not take with the public, that English actors will be jealous if they can correlate two such differing conceptions under the one name of acting.

These are great films with great actors. Charlie Chaplin's *Woman of Paris*, a stupid and ancient story written and directed by himself, increases the affection one has for this great artist. He knows what to leave out, he knows that exaggeration is fatal, he respects the intelligence of the spectator. He can make a bad actress subserve the dramatic purpose he has under control, and he has humour that is tangential and evocative. There are twenty moments in this picture that must affect the achievement of any future film that hopes to be intelligent.

I make this insistence on the satisfaction given by the film and its technical revelations, because the London stage produces its own condemnation whenever it is ambitious in any degree. For perfection it seems necessary to go to the Music Hall, An institution peculiarly English, to which no cabaret or cafe chantant or uberbrett can approach. There only, except when they are torn from their function to do tiresome teamwork in a Revue, can one see those exquisite morsels, the great individuals of modern personal drama and perfect physical adjustment. Nellie Wallace, Little Tich, George Robey, Grock, Rastelli, Edna Thomas, sometimes a dancer like Lopokova or Pavlova, or Japanese men who seem never to have heard

of the Russian gymnastic school of academic posturing, troupes of tumblers, or comedians of such friendly appeal as Billy Leonard. All these are like cool water in a desert of London theatres.

Streets, films, plays, musichalls and novels make up a strange picture of London. If there is any unity, it is in the unity of isolated individuals each working in solitude on a common ground of scattered material and perhaps often to the same end. The trumpetings of any organized clique do not represent the Cockney mind at its simplet and most acid.

J. Isaacs.

Editorial.

Owing to the regretted death and still more to the long illness of Mr. John Quinn of NewYork who was one of the founders of this review this periodical will appear several days late at any rate in Great Britain and the United States. Mr. Quinn, celebrated as a purchaser of works of art and of manuscripts entered very keenly into the plans for the foundations of the *Transatlantic Review* and was very active in the organisation of the business affairs in the United States. On his death it became necessary completely to re-organise the business side of the review and the labour falling entirely on the Paris editorial staff the actual editing fell perforce into abeyance. We tender be annoyed by delay in receiving their copies of this number.

As to whether any readers at all will feel annoyance we are in some dubiety. What really happens to a household that receives its favourite periodical a day or two late? Does the dining-room clock stop ; do the dachshunds go off their feed, the father of the family stamp his seippered feet upon the heart-rug ?... Yet, it may interest the reader to know, when the staff of a periodical realise that their organ will be delayed in its appearance for a day or so, the members of that staff go about with panic-stricken faces as in times of earthquake or pestilence. But probably nobody notices. The policemen at the corner of the Quai d'Anjou seem at any rate to be singularly unconcerned the rain that has deluged August continues ; even the office clock is as usual four minutes fast...

The death of Joseph Conrad seems to us to be an event of sufficient importance to the world of art to receive marked notice in the pages of the *Transatlantic Review* to the exclusion of other matter. It is the end of a whole literary phase. We have therefore decided to suspend our Art Supplement which was this month due and have held as it were an inquiry into

the estimation in which this writer was held by such our of usual contributors and critics as have proved available . Ourselves as must be obvious the most ardent of champions of the fame of this very great writer we have not tried in any way to influence the opinions expressed in these contributions. By the usual passing on of the years the estimation in which a great writer is held is very usually obscured. The young pack like wolves to pull down the old Great. There intervenes Fashion. For some decades after the death of Shakespeare the *Tempest* was held to be a barbarous antique... But the young go down in their turn ; the haughty and proud generations pass away and are numbered. It seems however unlikely that an artist who so loved his art and who was so practical in its expression and so workmanlike in his qualities will have long to wait before upon some permanent bed his fame shall come ro rest. This is perhaps editorially to cog the dice of the judgment. We cannot help it. To do less would be less than human.

We were indeed aware that the Young of to-day were said to be turning against the author of *The Mirror of the Sea*. We had read as much last Christmas in the yearly summary of English Literature provided by the Literary Critic of the (London which is in England) *Daily Telegraph*. And the mysterious words *Mr*. etc. *Hemingway continue*... with which our London Letter of Vol. II no i concludes, were caused actually by this allegation. In order to test the mind of youth on this subject we had asked the youngest writer we knew to write a review of the *Rover* ; that writer, having been a Conscientious Objector during the late war, might be taken to be in sympathy with the dominant Jeunes of England to-day. We had asked Mr. Hemingway to make some concluding notes on this and other matters at the end of our Letter and made those jottings to remind him. Our jottings were misunderstood : hence that cypher.

We announced in our last number that if any large body of our readers should ask for a continuation of *Some do Not* we should continue the publication of that novel. Two readers have made that request. We therefore continue.

We alluded some months ago to the fact that several booksellers refuse or neglect to supply the *Transatlantic Review* to intending purchasers. There are politics in bookselling as in waters even deeper. We should be obliged if readers who find obstacles put in their way when desiring to purchase the Review would inform recalcitrant booksellers —and even with emphasis— that they intend in future to buy their stationery, books and periodicals from other establishments.

CHRONIQUES

Our Contributors.

It has proved physically impossible, in the matter of French contributors, to keep our promise of our last number and restore to the Review its normal international aspect. For in the month of August literary men are undiscoverable in Paris; they depart who knows where. Their concierges certainly do not nor the janitors of the government offices in which they work; not petit bleu nor telegram nor all the posted letters of the world can rouse them to that contributing that they owed yesterday. Statistically put then—for there are those who love statistics, the Review in this number to the moment of writing appears as below:

American Contributors	British	French	Irish	Nationality Unknown
7	5	1	2	2

Mr. Garman, presumably English, is a young writer whose work has already appeared in the Review. We imagine that, as a contrast to the naturalistic work from the West Middle West of the United States, this projection of Lower Middle Class Life in the West Middle West of the United Kingdom may be of interest. Miss Mary Butts is English. Of Miss Berman we know nothing except what is here printed. We hope to know more. Mr. Isaacs is Professor of English Literature at the University of Bangor which is in North Wales (Eng). We imagine therefore that both he and Miss Mina Loy are Welch and on occasion sing *Hen Wlad fy Nadhau*. M. Potocki whose touching tribute to his fellow country man, Joseph Conrad closes this number, is the distinguished historian and protagonist of the modern movements in Polish Literature. He is the author of a work on English portraiture and landscape painting in which he traces the influence of English painting on continental schools. Mr. Friend and Mr. George O'Neil both make their first appearance in these pages. We believe them to be American. Any contributors dissatisfied with these national ascriptions should forward their passports or *cartes d'identité* to this office.

We have to thank l'*Intransigeant* for permission to reprint the beautiful study by M. H.-R. Lenormand.

II

PAMPLONA LETTER.

Republic of Letters.

You want something about Pamplona, because it is such a lovely name to have in the review. I should write it: I owe it to you because I published X... in the review. And I said, "Well I don't look at it that way", and came home. Now I am trying to write while a cousin pulls the film out of a flat tin can and holds it up against the light and says: "This is where the regular matadors are in eh?" and "Did the picador get badly hurt?" and "There's his horse down on the ground?" and "I'd like to see this run off"; and I try and write and do write and say: "We ought to have a spool", and Pamplona gets further and further away.

In a little while if we talk about it or see many more pictures it will be gone. Photographing kills anything, any good thing, just as it improves a bad thing i.e. the faces of movie stars. (I have now taken the typewriter into another room).

Can you see how much I do not want to write about it? It could only be journalism anyway because I do not understand it anymore than Don Stewart does. And when I write journalism I like to be well paid for it. That is the only reason for writing journalism. And when you destroy the valuable things you have by writing about them you want to get big money for it. Once you put a thing into words, unless you do it "on your knees," you kill it. If you do write it "on your knees" (I forget who said that about knees and it may have been somebody very banal), the thirty francs a page is only a supplementary reward.

There have been three interruptions while that last paragraph was written, It is easy to write with interruptions in a newspaper office. It is only by never writing the way I write in a newspaper office, though, that I make you believe that I can write.

All right, we will now murder Pamplona to add one more nice word to the cover.

The French call it Pampelune. That is perhaps the name you have been thinking of all the time. (*The English call it Pampeluna, which was the name we wanted,* Ed.)There are six bull fights during the Feria and Fiesta of San Firmin. San Firmin is the local deity in the system of local idolatry which the Spaniards substitute for catholicism. San Firmin, looking very much like Buddha, is carried through the streets at odd moments during the Feria.

Every morning the bulls that are to fight in the *corrida* of the afternoon are released from the *corrales* at the *Puerta Rochapea* and chase the younger element of Pamplona through the streets of the town into the bull ring. The entrance to the bull ring is quite narrow and sometimes their haste piles the younger element into a rather disordered heap over which the bulls make their entrance, not always good-humouredly, into the ring. In the ring they move, with unprotected horns, through a rapidly moving group of young people who attempt, with not always fatal results, to attract their attention. The bulls are eventually herded into the Corrales on the far side of the ring.

Following this, the official program says, various young bulls will be released for the divertisement of the *aficionados*.

Really I can't write anything more. It's no good. Either it would bore a lot of people or else next year Cooks would be running tours down there. The less publicity it has the better. Practically all the prople that deserved to be at Pamplona were there this year. (*Merci*! Ed.). We'll get the others down next year by private means, not a public appeal. We are not missionaries. Nor appreciators. Nor exhibitionists. The more people that think it is a terrible, brutal degrading relic of etc. the better.

As Picasso said to Don Stewart. "You know it's absolutely the only thing left in the world. Bul fighting that is." Don was demonstrating his busted ribs.

For the rest of it, the amateur fights etc., the consciousness of what happened is plenty. It is only when you can no longer believe in your own exploits that you write your memoirs.

Now are we square about X.? If not, remember that you yourself printed W., and more honor to the review, although

many a lousy magazine has done it, and I challenge you to write to W. and ask him if the two poems by X... weren't good.

If after about four more *San Firmins* I ever get so I can write anything worth a hoot about it you shall have it as you should naturally have it in any event. Until then let us write letters on unpleasant things where you have nothing to lose; oike politics and the Quarter.

E. H.

(*"Et lui qui me disait sans cesse :*

"Mon cher, c'est, notre métier, le vrai métier de chien. ... Vous écrirez, et vous écrirez... Et personne, personne au monde ne comprendra, ni ce que vous voulez dire, ni ce que vous avez donné d'effort, de sang, de sueur. Et à la fin vous direz :

"C'est comme si j'avais ramé toute ma vie sur un fleuve immense, dans un brouillard impénétrable' ", ... Et vous ramerez et vous ramerez, et jamais, jamais vous ne verrez un poteau sur les rives invisibles pour vous dire si vous montez le fleuve ou si le courant vous entraîne... Et vous connaîtrez la disette, les nuits froides, faute de couvertures ; les viandes amères et le sommeil hanté de regrets. Et vous ne trouverez jamais, jamais pendant toute votre vie, une âme pour vous dire si à la fin vous êtes le plus grand génie du monde... Ni non plus si vous êtes le dernier, le plus infecte descendant de... Ppnson du Terrail".) Ed.

III

AND FROM THE UNITED STATES

Massachusetts: Autumn.

The writer and his wife have been spending the last six months on a farm in the middle of Massachusetts with five thousand chickens of varying ages, eight hundred apple trees, two cows and Mrs. Pelican, the cook. We have lived without newspapers and other current writing and therefore know nothing about the doings of the world except what we have learned from the words of our friends and Mrs. Pelican, who made a nightly pilgrimage into the ways of men. Mrs. Pelican was born in a log cabin in Ohio. When she came to us at the age of fifty five her body had established itself in the shape of a filet of sole broadside view with hair done up in a tight round knot on top. One morning she astonished us by appearing with her hair bobbed in the latest fashion; large round tortoise shell spectacles had replaced the ancient steel ones of her youth. Mrs. Pelican drinks moonshine. Thus the modern spirit penetrates even to the heart of New England.

A young woman came to visit us who is a musical critic in New York. We learned about music from her. The writer had unfortunately contracted the habit of playing the phonograph in the silence of the evening. He played Massenet's *Elegie*. Stop that damned thing, says the young lady music critic. It is sentimental. All of Massenet's things are sentimental. He was the most sentimental man that ever lived. He is terrible and nobody ever listens to him any more. The writer stopped the damned thing. The fundamental rhythm is in the American foxtrot, says she, and nowhere else.

A young man came to visit us who works for the *Little Review* and an art gallery on Madison Avenue. He knows everything. He knows all of the artists in the world and their possibilities and limitations. He knows the art of all ages and all cities. The writer learned a great deal from him. This young man

is a very fine fellow but he likes snakes. He used most of his time hunting for snakes. He brought snakes into the house. Snakes were everywhere. The writer is especially fearful of snakes, but he learned.

Professor Briganzo of New York, Boston and other cities, Hindu psycho analysist, psycho phrenologist, psycho graphologist etc. honored the writer with a letter in which he assured him that the Professor sometimes sent a letter to gentlemen for whom he had a special message. Would the writer please make an appointment to receive the message at five dollars, ten dollars or fifteen dollars according to personal taste and the general direction of the message. The writer did not feel the immediate need of the message in face of the learning he had recently acquired.

Many people came to visit us and we continued to learn. The cult of the fundamentalists was explained to us, the rent in the bishop's gown caused by the antics of St.-Marks in the Bouerie was explained to us, the exposition of the cosmogony of Moses and its relative merits was thrust upon us, Christian Science had its way, New Thought showed us the light, President Coolidge was presented as a man of Providence, the literary energy of the world was used up, Europe was exhausted by the war and no important art can come out of it, America is too young and too anxious after the dollar.

Business men came wearing long and solemn faces. There is no money and consequently no business, said these heavy fellows. This is the year we elect the president and people have arrived at the psychological condition they always assume before an election. Business comes to a standstill every time and there is no reason for it. These are serious fellows.

A Jesuit priest came and told us about the world. It is like a hippodrome, said he. Each cycle of life moves in a closed circle and accomplishes its end. Then another begins, but the canonical laws will not allow me to pursue this question farther.

A pseudo-christian-science occultist led us farther afield. People are such foolish things, said he. All a man needs to do is to get himself into tune with the universal law for such things and he'll have an income, a certain sufficient income every day of whatever he wants. Most people are not ready to know the truth but I tell you what I say is the truth.

Krebs Friend.

COMMUNICATIONS

I

GERTRUDE STEIN

To the Editor "The Transatlantic Review.

Dear Sir,

Curie
of the laboratory
of vocabulary
she crushed
the tonnage
of consciousness
congealed to phrases
to extract
a radium of the word

Some years ago I left Gertrude Stein's Villino in Fiesole with a manuscript she had given me

"Each one is one. Each one is being the one each one is being. Each one is one is being one. Each one is being the one that one is being. Each one is being one each one is one.

Each one is one. Each one is very well accustomed to be one. Each one is very well accustomed to be that one. Each one is one." (Galeries Lafayette). Compare with 'Vanity of vanity, vanity of vanities, all is vanity' of Ecclesiastes.

This was when Bergson was in the air, and his beads of Time strung on the continuous flux of Being, seemed to have found a literary conclusion in the austere verity of Gertrude Stein's theme—'Being' as the absolute occupation.

For by the intervaried rhythm of this monotone mechanism she uses for inducing a continuity of awareness of her subject, I was connected up with the very pulse of duration.

The core of a 'Being' was revealed to me with uninterrupted insistence.

The plastic static of the ultimate presence of an entity. And the innate tempo of a life poured in alert refreshment upon my mentality.

Gertrude Stein was making a statement, a reiterate state ment . . basic and bare . . a statement reiterate ad absurdum, were it not for the interposing finger of creation.

For Gertrude Stein obtains the ‚belle matière' of her unsheathing of the fundamental with a most dexterous discretion in the placement and replacement of her phrases, of inversion of the same phrase sequences that are as closely matched in level, as the fractional tones in primitive music or the imperceptible modelling of early Egyptian sculpture.

The flux of Being as the ultimate presentation of the individual, she endows with the rhythmic concretion of her art, until it becomes as a polished stone, a bit of the rock of life—yet not of polished surface, of polished nucleus.

This method of conveyance through duration recurs in her later work. As she progresses it becomes amplified, she includes an increasing number of the attributes of continuity.

The most perfect example of this method is ‚Italians' where not only are you pressed close to the insistence of their existence, but Gertrude Stein through her process of reiteration gradually, progressively rounds them out, decorates them with their biological insignia.

They revolve on the pivot of her verbal construction like animated sculpture, their life protracted into their entourage through their sprouting hair... a longer finger nail; their sound, their smell.

"They have something growing on them, some of them, and certainly many others would not be wanting such things to be growing out of them that is to say growing on them.

"It makesthem these having such things, makes them elegant and charming, makes them ugly and disgusting, makes them clean looking and sleek and rich and dark, makes them dirty looking and fierce looking."

How simply she exposes the startling dissimilarity in the aesthetic denouement of our standardised biology.

They solidify in her words, in ones, in crowds, compact with racial impulses. They are of one, infinitesimally varied in detail, racial consistency. Packed by her poised paragraphs into the omniprevalent plasm of life from which she evokes all her subjects and from which she never allows them to become detached. In Gertrude Stein life is never detached from Life, it spreads tenuous and vibrational between each of its human exteriorisations and the other.

"They seem to be, and that is natural because what is in one is carried over to the other one by it being in the feeling of the one looking at the one and then at the other one.

"They are talking, often talking and they are doing things with pieces of them while they are talking and they are then

sounding like something, they are then sounding in a way that is a natural way for them to be sounding, they are having noise come out of them in a natural way for them to have noise come out of them."

It may be impossible for our public inured to the unnecessary nuisances of journalism to understand this literature, but it is a literature reduced to a basic significance that could be conveyed to a man on Mars.

In her second phase . . the impressionistic, Gertrude Stein entirely reverses this method of conveyance through duration. She ignores duration and telescopes time and space and the subjective and objective in a way that obviates interval and interposition. She stages strange triangles between the nominative and his verb and irruptive co-respondents.

It has become the custom to say of her that she has done in words what Picasso has done with form. There is certainly in her work an interpenetration of dimensions analagous to Cubism.

One of her finest 'impressions' is 'Sweet Tail'. Gypsies'. It begins.

"Curved planes.

"Hold in the coat. Hold back ladders and a creation and nearly sudden extra coppery ages with colours and a clean gyp hoarse. Hold in that curl with the good man. Hold in cheese . . .". A fracturing impact of the mind with the occupation, the complexion, the cry of the gypsies.

Cubistically she first sees the planes of the scene. Then she breaks them up into their detail. Gypsies of various ages using ladders for the construction of... something. "A clean gyp hoarse". Hear it, see it, attribute it, that voice?

The occurences of "Hold in" impress me as a registration of her mind dictating the control of the planes of the picture it is so rapidly and unerringly putting together ; no, 'choosing' together. "A little pan with a yell", is a protraction of "The clean gyp hoarse", accelerated, in her chase of sounds among solids by telescoping the "little pan" with the animation of the gypsy holding it.

Per contra in "Wheel is not on a donkey and never never", her reason disengages the donkey and cart from her primary telescopic visualisation.

It is the variety of her mental processes that gives such fresh significance to her words, as if she had got them out of bed early in the morning and washed them in the sun.

They make a new appeal to us after the friction of an uncompromised intellect has scrubbed the meshed messes of traditional associations off them.

As in the little phrase "A wheel is not on a donkey", ...a few words she has lifted out of the ridiculous, to replace them in the sanctuary of pure expression.

"A green, a green coloured oak, a handsome excursion,

a really handsome log, a regulation to exchange oars". An association of nomadic recreation and rest through the idea 'wood' oak, log, oars.

Again how admirably the essences of romance are collected in the following curve-course that for beauty of expression could hardly be excelled.

"The least license is in the eyes which make strange the less sighed hole which is nodded and leaves the bent tender . . . . it makes medium and egg-light and not nearly so much".

To obtain movement she has shaped her words to the pattern of a mobile emotion, she has actually bent the tender and with medium and egg-light and not really so much, reconstructed the signal luminous, the form, the semi-honesty of the oval eye.

But in "simple cake, simple cake, relike a gentle coat, ... seal it blessing and that means gracious, not gracious suddenly with spoons and flavour but all the same active. Neglect a pink white neglect it for blooming on a thin piece of steady slim poplars". Round the cake, the sociable center, the tempo of the gypsy feast changes . . . "seal it blessing", do gypsies say grace or is blessing again the bowing pattern of feeding merging with spoons and flavour?

The "gentle coating"... iceing?... of the cake confuses with the greater whiteness of the sky wedged between poplars that are depicted with the declivity of line of Van Gogh. "Neglect it . .". Again a direction for the mind to keep the planes of the picture relatively adjusted.

"And really all the chance is in deriding cocoanuts real cocoanuts with strawberry tunes and little ice cakes with feeding feathers and peculiar relations of nothing which is more blessed than replies".

In "feeding feathers" the omission of the woman between her feeding and her feathers results in an unaccustomed juxtaposition of words by associating a subject with a verb which does not in fact belong to it, but which visually, is instantaneously connected.

This process of disintegration and reintegration, this intercepted cinema of suggestion urges the reactions of the reader until the theme assumes an unparallelled clarity of aspect, Compare it with George Borrow's gypsy classic and consider the gain in time and spontaneity that such abridged associations as derision and cocoanuts, strawberry tints dissolving into tune and above all the snatched beauty of the bizarrerie of feeding afford us.

And these eyes, these feathers are continuously held in place by the progressive introduction of further relationships, "And nearly all heights hats which are so whiled . . ." And so one comes to realise how Gertrude Stein has builded up her gypsies, accent upon accent, colour on colour, bit by bit.

Perhaps for this reason it is not easy for the average reader to 'get' Gertrude Stein, because for the casual audience entity seems to be eclipsed by excresence.

Truly with this method of Gertrude Steins a goodly mount of incoherent debris gets littered around the radium that she crushes out of phrased consciousness.

"Like message cowpowder and sashes sashes, like pedal causes and so sashes, and pedal cause kills surgeon in six safest six, pedal sashes."

Now that's just like Gertrude Stein! Even as I type this suspect excerpt it clarifies as the subconscious code message of an accident. The sending for the surgeon. The first aid with gypsy sashes.

The cow that . . like gunpowder . . may be a cause for being killed . . but if in six minutes the surgeon arrives . . the probability of safety. The simultaneity of velocity-binding sashes-pedalling of messenger's bicycle.

I am,
Sir,
Your obdt servant,
Mina Loy

(to be continued)

II

Stonyhurst College
nr Blackburn
Lancs. England

To the Editor, The Transatlantic Review

Dear Sir,

Your paper is damned boring. Don't you think so? Entre nous? Will you let me help you out? The only attraction you can offer is verbiage like steaming dung starred with juicy allusions as to sex. But hellishly dull because:

(*a*) it's EVERYWHERE else.
(*b*) it continues for pages.
(*c*) „ „ „ whole issues of yr magazine without taking breath.

And o lawd those poems.

Listen.

Fat, meaty—
(Why? Me)
Sprang at 'em through the general's tent
And his wife with whiskers of rather Victorian bunting
Smiled (a 'los Americanos')
Smiled
'O how do you do...?'

And so
It goes
On.
O
Gawd.

Well, I want you to get a move on. I propose to write you a series of Ultramontane articles in the most faultless rhetoric, or else open a controversy (e.g. on Sex) from a fantastically ultramontane standpoint. Will you tell me if you will print them because I don't want to write them for nothing.

Yours faithfully,
Henry John

Issue of April, 24 p. 29

"Our hospitable columns are open to any one who will write with force".

What priceless nonsense. But I take you at your word.

(Our hospitable columns are open to any one who will write with force, more particularly if the writing come from Stonyhurst, the English Jesuit training College and treat of Sex. The Society of Jesus on that subject should be worth hearing.

Ed.)

III

Pavillon Thérèse,
La Favière par Bormes,
(Var).

To the Editor,
The Transatlantic Review

J'ai vu dans le dernier numéro du *Transatlantic Review*, une note relative à une soi-disante traduction par moi, du *Faust* de Marlowe. Cette note est légèrement inexacte : c'est une adaptation que je prépare en collaboration avec Miss Nancy Cunard. Les deux traductions existantes, celles de François V. Hugo et de Rabbe sont toutes les deux bonnes et mauvaisse à la fois, et je ne tiens nullement à accroître la fausse valeur d'un exercice d'érudition que je trouve insuffisant. Il s'agit plutôt, en ce qui me concerne, d'un essai de transposition parallèle en français de la qualité et de l'intensité de l'œuvre de Marlowe, même avec le risque de m'éloigner, s'il le faut, de la signification du texte original. Mais vous connaissez encore mieux que moi les difficultés qu'on a, en traduisant le sens d'une phrase, de lui laisser la valeur originale, cette puissance des mots qui se développe inégalement dans deux langues aussi différentes que l'anglais et le français.

Vôtre Tristan Tsara.

IV.

To the Editor "The Transatlantic Review.

Sir,

Sadakichi Hartmann's *Confucius* is a very beautiful book; and one of those books about which literary discussion appears to me to be useless.

I am, Sir,, your obedient servant.

Ezra Pound.

(*Privately Printed*: Empire Printing Co, Los Angelès, Cal.).

SOME DO NOT

A Novel.

by FORD MADOX FORD

(Continued.)

VI

JUMPING down from the high step of the dog-cart the girl completely disappeared into the silver: she had on an otter-skin toque, dark, that should have been visible. But she was gone more completely than if she had dropped into deep water, into snow—or through tissue paper. More suddenly, at least! In darkness or in deep water a moving paleness would have been visible for a second: snow or a paper hoop would have left an opening. Here there had been nothing.

The constatation interested him. He had been watching her intently and with concern for fear she should miss the hidden lower step, in which case she would certainly bark her shins. But she had jumped clear of the cart: with unreasonable pluckiness, in spite of his: "Look out how you get down." He wouldn't have done it himself: he couldn't have faced jumping down into that white solidity . . . .

He would have asked: "Are you all right?" but to express more concern than the "look out," which he had expended already, would have detracted from his stolidity. He was Yorkshire and stolid: she south country and soft: emotional: given to such ejaculations as "I hope you're not hurt," when the Yorkshireman only grunts. But soft because she was south country. She was as good as a man—a south country man. She was ready to acknowledge the superior woodenness of the north. . . . That was their convention: so he did not call down: "I hope you're all right," though he had desired to.

Her voice came, muffled, as if from the back of the top of his head: the ventriloquial effect was startling:

"Make a noise from time to time. It's ghostly down here and the lamp's no good at all. It's almost out."

He returned to his constatations of the concealing effect of water vapour. He enjoyed the thought of the grotesque appearance he must present in that imbecile landscape. On his right an immense, improbably brilliant horn of a moon, sending a trail as if down the sea, straight to his neck : beside the moon a grotesquely huge star : in an extravagant position above them the Plough, the only constellation that he knew ; for, though a mathematician, he despised astronomy. It was not theoretical enough for the pure mathematician and not sufficiently practical for daily life. He had of course calculated the movements of abstruse heavenly bodies : but only from given figures : he had never looked for the stars of his calculations. . . . Above his head and all over the sky were other stars : large and weeping with light, or as the dawn increased, so paling that at times, you saw them ; then missed them. Then the eye picked them up again.

Opposite the moon was a smirch or two of cloud ; pink below, dark purple above ; on the more pallid, lower blue of the limpid sky.

But the absurd thing was this mist! . . . It appeared to spread from his neck, absolutely level, absolutely silver, to infinity on each side of him. A great distances on his right black tree-shapes, in groups—there were four of them—were exactly like coral islands on a silver sea. He couldn't escape the idiotic comparison : there wasn't any other.

Yet it didn't actually spread from his neck : when he now held his hands, nipple-high, like pallid fish they held black reins which ran downwards into nothingness. If he jerked the rein, the horse threw its head up. Two pricked ears were visible in greyness : the horse being sixteen two and a bit over, the mist might be ten foot high. Thereabouts. . . . He wished the girl would come back and jump out of the cart again. Being ready for it he would watch her disappearance more scientifically. He couldn't of course ask her to do it again : that was irritating. The phenomenon would have proved —or it might of course disprove—his idea of smoke screens. The Chinese of the Ming dynasty were said to have approached and overwhelmed their enemies under clouds of—of course, not acrid—vapour. He had read that the Patagonians, hidden by smoke, were accustomed to approach so near to birds or beasts as to be able to take them by hand. The Greeks under Paleologus, the . . .

Miss Wannop's voice said—from beneath the bottom board of the cart :

"I wish you'd make some noise. It's lonely down here, besides being possibly dangerous. There might be dicks on each side of the road."

If they were on the marsh there certainly would be dykes—why did they call ditches "dykes," and why did she pronounce it "dicks"?—on each side of the road. He could think of

nothing to say that wouldn't express concern and he couldn't do that by the rules of the game. He tried to whistle "John Peel"! But he was no hand at whistling. He sang :

"D'ye ken, John Peel at the break of day . . ." and felt like a fool. But he kept on at it, the only tune that he knew. It was the Yorkshire Light Infantry quick-step : the regiment of his brothers in India. He wished he had been in the army : but his father hadn't approved of having more than two younger sons in the army. He wondered if he would ever run with John Peel's hounds again : he had once or twice. Or with any of the trencher-fed foot packs of the Cleveland district, of which there had been still several when he had been a boy. He had been used to think of himself as being like John Peel with his coat so grey . . . Up through the heather, over Wharton's place ; the pack running wild ; the heather dripping ; the mist rolling up... another kind of mist than this south country silver sheet. Silly stuff! Magical! That was the word. A silly word... South country... In the north the old grey mists rolled together, revealing black hillsides!

He didn't suppose he'd have the wind now : this rotten bureaucratic life!... If he had been in the army like the two brothers, Ernest and James, next above him... But no doubt he would not have liked the army. Discipline!... He supposed he would have put up with the discipline : a gentleman had to. Because *noblesse oblige* : not for fear of consequences... But army officers seemed to him pathetic. They spluttered and roared : to make men jump smartly : at the end of apopleptic efforts the men jumped smartly. But there was the end of it...

Actually, this mist was not silver, or was, perhaps, no longer silver : if you looked at it with the eye of the artist ... With the exact eye! It was smirched with bars of purple ; of red ; of orange : delicate reflections : dark blue shadows from the upper sky where it formed drifts like snow... The exact eye : exact observation : it was a man's work. The only work for a man. Why then, were artists soft : effeminate : not men at all : whilst the army officer, who had the inexact mind of the school-teacher, was a manly man? Quite a manly man : until he became an old woman!

And the bureaucrat then? Growing fat and soft like himself, or dry and stringy like Macmaster or old Ingleby? They did men's work : exact observation : return no. 17642 with figures exact. Yet they grew hysterical : they ran about corridors or frantically rang table bells, asking with high voices of querulous eunuchs why form ninety thousand and two wasn't ready. Nevertheless men liked the bureaucratic life : his own brother, Mark, head of the family : heir to Groby... Fifteen years older : a quiet stick : wooden : brown : always in a bowler-hat, as often as not with his racing-glasses hung around him. Attending his first-class office when he liked : too good a man for any administration to lose by putting on

the screw... But heir to Groby : what would that stick make of the place?... Let it, no doubt, and go on pottering from the Albany to race meetings—where he never betted—to Whitehall, where he was said to be indispensable... Why indispensable? Why in heaven's name? That stick who had never hunted, never shot : couldn't tell coulter from plough-handle and lived in his bowler hat!... A "sound" man : the archetype of all sound men. Never in his life had anyone shaken his head at Mark and said :

"You're *brilliant*!" Brilliant! That stick! No, he was indispensable!

"Upon my soul!" Tietjens said to himself, "that girl down there is the only intelligent living soul I've met for years."... A little pronounced in manner sometimes ; faulty in reasoning naturally, but quite intelligent, with a touch of wrong accent now and then. But if she was wanted anywhere, there she'd be! Of good stock, of course : on both sides!... But, positively, she and Sylvia were the only two human beings he had met for years whom he could respect : the one for sheer efficiency in killing : the other for having the constructive desire and knowing how to set about it. Kill or cure! The two functions of man. If you wanted something killed you'd go to Sylvia Tietjens in the sure faith that she would kill it : emotion : hope : ideal : kill it quick and sure. If you wanted something kept alive you'd go to Valentine : she'd find something to do for it... The two types of mind : remorseless enemy : sure screen : dagger... sheath!

Perhaps the future of the world then was to women? Why not? He hadn't in years met a man that he hadn't to talk down to—as you talk down to a child : as he had talked down to General Campion or to Mr. Waterhouse... as he always talked down to Macmaster. All good fellows in their way....

But why was he born to be a sort of lonely buffalo : outside the herd? Not artist : not soldier : not bureaucrat : not certainly indispensable anywhere : apparently not even sound in the eyes of these dim-minded specialists... An exact observer...

Hardly even that for the last six and a half hours :

> "Die Sommernacht hat mirs angethan
> Das war ein schweigsames Reiten..."

he said aloud.

How could you translate that : you couldn't translate it no one could translate Heine :

> "It was the summer night came over me :
> That was silent riding..."

A voice cut into his warm, drowsy thought :

"Oh, you *do* exist. But you've spoken too late. I've run into the horse." He must have been speaking aloud. He

had felt the horse quivering at the end of the reins. The horse, too, was used to her by now. It had hardly stirred... He wondered when he had left off singing "John Peel."... He said :

"Come along, then : have you found anything?"

The answer came :

"Something... But you can't talk in this stuff... I'll just..."

The voice died away as if a door had shut. He waited : consciously waiting : as an occupation! Contritely and to make a noise he rattled the whip-stock in its bucket. The horse started and he had to check in quickly : a damn fool he was. Of course a horse would start if you rattled a whip-stock. He called out :

"Are you all right?" The cart might have knocked her down. He had, however, broken the convention. Her voice came from a great distance :

"I'm all right. Trying the other side..."

His last thought came back to him. He had broken their convention : he had exhibited concern : like any other man.... He said to himself :

"By God! Why not take a holiday : why not break all conventions?"

They erected themselves intangibly and irrefragably. He had not known this young woman twenty-four hours : not to speak to : and already the convention existed between them that he must play stiff and cold, she warm and clinging... Yet she was obviously as cool a hand as himself : cooler no doubt, for at bottom he was certainly a sentimentalist.

A convention of the most imbecile type... Then break all conventions : with the young woman : with himself above all. For forty-eight hours... almost exactly forty-eight hours till he started for Dover...

> "And I must to the greenwood go,
> Alone : a banished man!"

By the descending moon : it being then just after cockcrow of midsummer night—what sentimentality!—it must be half-past four on Sunday. He had worked out that to catch the morning Ostend boat at Dover he must leave the Wannops' at 5.15 on Tuesday morning, in a motor for the junction.... What incredible cross-country train connections! Five hours for not forty miles.

He had then forty-eight and three-quarter hours! Let them be a holiday! A holiday from himself above all : a holiday from his standards : from his convention with himself. From clear observation : from exact thought : from knocking over all the skittles of the exactitudes of others : from the suppression of emotions... From all the wearinesses that made him intolerable to himself.... He felt his limbs lengthen, as if they too had relaxed.

Well, already he had had six and a half hours of it. They had started at 10 and, like any other man, he had enjoyed the drive, though it had been difficult to keep the beastly cart balanced, the girl had had to sit behind with her arm round the other girl who screamed at every oak tree...

But he had—if he put himself to the question—mooned along under the absurd moon that had accompanied them down the heaven : to the scent of hay : to the sound of nightingales, hoarse by now, of course—in June he changes his tune ; of corncrakes, of bats, of a heron twice, overhead. They had passed the blue-black shadows of corn stacks, of heavy, rounded oaks, of hop oasts that are half church tower, half finger-post. And the road silver grey, and the night warm... It was midsummer night that had done that to him... *Hat mir's angethan.*

Das war ein schwiegsames Reiten....

Not absolutely silent of course : but silentish! Coming back from the parson's, where they had dropped the little London sewer rat, they talked very little.... Not unpleasant people the parson's : an uncle of the girl's : three girl cousins, not unpleasant, like the girl but without the individuality... A remarkably good bite of beef : a truly meritorious Stilton and a drop of whisky that proved the parson to be a man. All in candlelight. A motherly mother of the family to take the rat up some stairs... a great deal of laughter of girls... then a re-start an hour later than had been scheduled... Well, it hadn't mattered : they had the whole of eternity before them : the good horse—*really* it was a good horse!—putting its shoulders into the work...

They had talked a little at first.; about the safeness of the London girl from the police now ; about the brickishness of the parson in taking her in. She certainly would never have reached Charing Cross by train...

There had fallen long periods of silences. A bat had whirled very near their off-lamp.

"What a large bat!" she had said. "*Noctilux major*..."

He said :

"Where do you get your absurd Latin nomenclature from? Isn't it *phalœna*..." She had answered :

"From White... The *Natural History of Selborne* is the only natural history I ever read..."

"He's the last English writer that could write," said Tietjens.

"He calls the downs 'those majestic and amusing mountains,' she said. "Where do you get your dreadful Latin pronunciation from? Phal... i... i... na! To rhyme with Dinah!"

"It's '*sublime* and amusing mountains,' not 'majestic and amusing,' " Tietjens said. "I got my Latin pronunciation, like all public schoolboys of to-day, from the German."

She answered :

"You would! Father used to say it made him sick."

"Cæsar equals Kaiser," Tietjens said....

"Bother your Germans," she said, "they're no ethnologists ; they're rotten at philology!" She added : "Father used to say so," to take away from an appearance of pedantry.

A silence then! She had right over her head a rug that her aunt had lent her ; a silhouette beside him, with a cocky nose turned up straight out of the descending black mass. But for the square toque she would have had the silhouette of a Manchester cotton-hand : the toque gave it a different line ; like the fillet of Diana. It was piquant and agreeable to ride beside a quite silent lady in the darkness of the thick Weald that let next to no moonlight through. The horse's hoofs went clock, clock : a good horse. The near lamp illuminated the russet figure of a man with a sack on his back, pressed into the hedge, a blinking lurcher beside him.

"Keeper between the blankets!" Tietjens said to himself : "All these south country keepers sleep all night... And then you give them a five quid tip for the week-end shoot..." He determined that, as to that too he would put his foot down. No more week-ends with Sylvia in the mansions of the Chosen People...

The girl said suddenly ; they had run into a clearing of the deep underwoods :

"I'm not stuffy with you over that Latin, though you were unnecessarily rude And I'm not sleepy. I'm loving it all."

He hesitated for a minute. It was a silly-girl thing to say. She didn't usually say silly-girl things. He ought to snub her for her own sake....

He had said :

"I'm rather loving it too!" She was looking at him ; her nose had disappeared from the silhouette. He hadn't been able to help it ; the moon had been just above her head ; unknown stars all round her , the night was warm. Besides, a really manly man may condescend at times! He rather owes it to himself....

She said :

"That was nice of you! You might have hinted that the rotten drive was taking you away from your so important work..."

"Oh, I can think as I drive," he said. She said :

"Oh!" and then : "The reason why I'm unconcerned over your rudeness about my Latin is that I know I'm a much better Latinist than you. You can't quote a few lines of Ovid without sprinkling howlers in... It's *vastum*, not *longum*... 'Terra tribus scopulis vastum procurrit'... It's *alto*, not *coelo*... 'Uvidus ex alto desilientis...' How could Ovid have written *ex coelo*? The 'c' after the 'x' sets your teeth on edge."

Tietjens said :

"*Excogitabo*!"

"That's purely canine!" she said with contempt.

"Besides," Tietjens said, "*longum* is much better than *vastum*, I hate cant adjectives like 'vast.'..."

"It's like your modesty to correct Ovid,' she exclaimed. "Yet you say Ovid and Catullus were the only two Roman poets to *be* poets. That's because they *were* sentimental and used adjectives like *vastum*.... What's 'Sad tears mixed with kisses' but the sheerest sentimentality!"

"It ought, you know,' Tietjens said with soft dangerousness, "to be 'Kisses mingled with sad tears'... 'Tristibus et lacrimis oscula mixta dabis.'..."

"I'm hanged if I ever could," she exclaimed explosively "A man like you could die in a ditch and I'd never come near. You're desiccated even for a man who has learned his Latin from the Germans"

"Oh, well, I'm a mathematician," Tietjens said "Classics is not my line!"

"It *isn't*," she answered tartly.

A long time afterwards from her black figure came the words:

"You used 'mingled' instead of 'mixed' to translate *mixta*. I shouldn't think you took English at Cambridge, either! Though they're as rotten at that as at everything else, father used to say."

"Your father was Balliol, of course," Tietjens said with the snuffy contempt of a scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. But having lived most of her life amongst Balliol people she took this as a compliment and an olive branch.

Some time afterwards Tietjens, observing that her silhouette was still between him and the moon, remarked:

"I don't know if you know that for some minutes we've been running nearly due west. We ought to be going south-east by a bit south. I suppose you *do* know this road...."

"Every inch of it," she said, "I've been on it over and over again on my motor-bicycle with mother in the side-car. The next cross road is called Grandfather's Wantways. We've got eleven miles and a quarter still to do. The road turns back here because of the old Sussex iron pits; it goes in and out amongst them; hundreds of them. You know the exports of the town of Rye in the eighteenth century were hops, cannon, kettles and chimney backs. The railings round St. Paul's are made of Sussex iron."

"I knew that, of course," Tietjens said: "I come of an iron county myself.... Why didn't you let me run the girl over in the side-car, it would have been quicker?"

"Because," she said, "three weeks ago I smashed up the side-car on the milestone at Hog's Corner: doing forty."

"It must have been a pretty tidy smash!" Tietjens said "Your mother wasn't aboard?"

"No," the girl said, "suffragette literature. The side-car was full. It *was* a pretty tidy smash. Hadn't you observed I still limp a little?"...

A few minutes later she said:

"I haven't the least notion where we really are. I clean

forgot to notice the road And I don't care.... Here's a signpost though ; pull into it...."

The lamps would not, however, shine on the arms of the post ; they were burning dim and showing low. A good deal of fog was in the air. Tietjens gave the reins to the girl and got down. He took out the near light and, going back a yard or two to the signpost. examined its bewildering ghostlinesses....

The girl gave a little squeak that went to his backbone ; the hoofs clattered unusually ; the cart went on. Tietjens went after it ; it was astonishing ; it had completely disappeared. Then he ran into it : ghostly, reddish and befogged. It must have got much thicker suddenly. The fog swirled all round the near lamp as he replaced it in its socket.

"Did you do that on purpose?" he asked the girl. "Or can't you hold a horse?"

"I can't drive a horse," the girl said ; "I'm afraid of them. I can't drive a motor-bike either. I made that up because I *knew* you'd say you'd rather have taken Gertie over in the side-car than driven with me."

"Then do you mind," Tietjens said, "telling me if you know this road at all?"

"Not a bit!" she answered cheerfully. "I never drove it in my life. I looked it up on the map before we started because I'm sick to death of the road we went by. There's a one-horse 'bus from Rye to Tenterden, and I've walked from Tenterden to my uncle's over and over again...."

"We shall probably be out all night then," Tietjens said. "Do you mind? The horse may be tired...."

She said :

"Oh, the poor horse!... I *meant* us to be out all night... But the poor horse.... What a brute I was not to think of it."

"We're thirteen miles from a place called Brede ; eleven and a quarter from a place whose name I couldn't read ; six and three-quarters from somewhere called something like Uddlemere...." Tietjens said. "This is the road to Uddlemere."

"Oh, that was Grandfather's Wantways all right," she declared "I know it well. It's called 'Grandfather's' because an old gentleman used to sit there called Gran'fer Finn. Every Tenterden market day he used to sell fleed cakes from a basket to the carts that went by. Tenterden market was abolished in 1845—the effect of the repeal of the Corn Laws, you know. As a Tory you ought to be interested in that."

Tietjens said patiently : He could sympathise with her mood ; ǝɥs had now a heavy weight off her chest ; and, if long acquaintance with his wife had not made him able to put up with feminine vagaries, nothing ever would.

"Would you mind," he said then, "telling me..."

"If," she interrupted, "that was really Gran'fer's Wantways : midland English. 'Vent' equals four crossroads : high French

carrefour.... Or, perhaps, that isn't the right word. But it's the way your mind works...."

"You have, of course, often walked from your uncle's to Grand'fer's Wantways," Tietjens said, "with your cousins, taking brandy to the invalid in the old toll-gate house. That's how you know the story of Gran'fer. You said you had never driven it ; but you *have* walked it. That's the way *your* mind works, isn't it?"

She said : "*Oh*!"

"Then," Tietjens went on, "would you mind telling me—for the sake of the poor horse—whether Uddlemere is or isn't on our road home. I take it you don't know just this stretch of road, but you know whether it is the right road."

"The touch of pathos," the girl said, "is a wrong note. It's you who're in mental trouble about the road. The horse isn't..."

Tietjens let the cart go on another fifty yards ; then he said :

"It *is* the right road. The Uddlemere turning *was* the right one. You wouldn't let the horse go another five steps if it wasn't. You're as soppy about horses as... as I am."

"There's at least that bond of sympathy between us," she said drily. "Gran'fer's Wantways is six and three quarters miles from Udimore ; Udimore is exactly five from us ; total, eleven and three-quarters ; twelve and a quarter if you add half a mile for Udimore itself. The name is Udimore, not Uddlemere. Local place-name enthusiasts derive this from 'O'er the mere.' Absurd! Legend as follows : Church builders desiring to put church with relic of St. Rumwold in wrong place, voice wailed : 'O'er the mere.' Obviously absurd!... Putrid! '*O'er the*' by Grimm's law impossible as '*Udi*' ; '*mere* not a middlelow German word at all..."

"Why," Tietjens said, "are you giving me all this information?"

"Because," the girl said, "it's the way your mind works... It picks up useless facts as silver after you've polished it picks up sulphur vapour ; and tarnishes! It arranges the usele s facts in obsolescent patterns and makes Toryism out of them.... I've never met a Cambridge Tory man before. I thought they were all in museums and you work them up again out of bones. That's what father used to say ; he was an Oxford Disraelian Conservative Imperialist..."

"I know of course," Tietjens said.

"Of course you know," the girl said. "You know everything... And you've worked everything into absurd principles. You think father was unsound because he tried to apply tendencies to life. *You* want to be an english country gentleman and spin principles out of the newspapers and the gossip of horse-fairs. And let the country go to hell, you'll never stir a finger except to say I told you so."

She touched him suddenly on the arm :

"*Don't* mind me!" she said. "It's reaction. I'm so happy. I'm so happy."

He said:

"That's all right! That's all right!" But for a minute or two it wasn't really. All feminine claws, he said to himself, are sheathed in velvet; but they can hurt a good deal if they touch you on the sore places of the defects of your qualities—even merely with the velvet. He added: "Your mother works you very hard."

She exclaimed:

"How you *understand*. You're amazing: for a man who tries to be a sea-anemone!" She said: "Yes, this is the first holiday I've had for four solid months; six hours a day typing; four hours a day work for the movement; three, housework and gardening; three, mother reading out her day's work for slips of the pen... And on the top of it the raid and the anxiety... Dreadful anxiety, you know. Suppose mother *had* gone to prison.... Oh, I'd have gone mad.... Weekdays and Sundays..." She stopped: "I'm apologising, really," she went on. "Of course I ought not to have talked to you like that. You a great Panjandrum; saving the country with your statistics and all... It *did* make you a rather awful figure, you know... and the relief to find you're... oh, a man like oneself with feet of clay. ... I'd dreaded this drive... I'd have dreaded it dreadfully if I hadn't been in such a dread about Gertie and the police. And, if I hadn't let off steam I should have had to jump out and run beside the cart... I could still..."

"You couldn't," Tietjens said. "You couldn't see the cart."

They had just run into a bank of solid fog that seemed to encounter them with a soft, ubiquitous blow. It was blinding; it was deadening to sounds; it was in a sense mournful; but it was happy, too, in its romantic unusualness. They couldn't see the gleam of the lamps; they could hardly hear the step of the horse; the horse had fallen at once to a walk. They agreed that neither of them could be responsible for losing the way; in the circumstances that was impossible. Fortunately the horse would take them somewhere; it had belonged to a local higgler: a man that used the roads buying poultry for re-sale... They agreed that they had no responsibilities, and after that went on for unmeasured hours in silence; the mist growing, but very, very gradually, more luminous.... Once or twice, at a rise in the road, they saw again the stars and the moon, but mistily. On the fourth occasion they had emerged into the silver lake; like mermen rising to the surface of a tropical sea....

Tietjens had said:

"You'd better get down and take the lamp. See if you can find a milestone; I'd get down myself, but you might not be able to hold the horse...." She had plunged in...

And he had sat, feeling he didn't know why, like a Guy Fawkes ; up in the light, thinking by no means disagreeable thoughts—intent, like Miss Wannop herself, on a complete holiday of forty-eight hours ; till Tuesday morning! He had to look forward to a long and luxurious day of figures ; a rest after dinner ; half a night more of figures ; a Monday devoted to a horse-deal in the market-town where he happened to know the horse-dealer. The horse-dealer, indeed, was known to every hunting man in England! A luxurious, long argument in the atmosphere of stable-hartshorn and slow wranglings couched in ostler's epigrams. You couldn't have a better day ; the beer in the pub, probably good, too. Or if not that, the claret.... The claret in south country inns was often quite good ; there was no sale for it so it got well kept....

On Tuesday it would close in again, beginning with the meeting of his wife's maid at Dover....

He was to have, above all, a holiday from himself and to take it like other men ; free of his conventions, his strait waistcoatings....

The girl said :

"I'm coming up now! I've found out something..." He watched intently the place where she must appear ; it would give him pointers about the impenetrability of mist to the eye.

Her otter skin cap had beads of dew : beads of dew were on her hair beneath : she scrambled up, a little awkwardly : her eyes sparkled with fun : panting a little : her cheeks bright. Her hair was darkened by the wetness of the mist, but she appeared golden in the sudden moonlight.

Before she was quite up, Tietjens almost kissed her. Almost. An all but irresistible impulse! He exclaimed :

"Steady, the Buffs!" in his surprise.

She said :

"Well, you might as well have given me a hand." "I found," she went on, "a stone that had I.R.D.C. on it, and there the lamp went out. We're not on the marsh because we're between quick hedges. That's all I've found.... But I've worked out what makes me so tart with you..."

He couldn't believe she could be so absolutely calm : the after-wash of that impulse had been so strong in him that it was as if he had tried to catch her to him and had been foiled by her... She ought to be indignant, amused, even pleased... She ought to show some emotion....

She said :

"It was your silencing me with that absurd non-sequitur about the Pimlico clothing factory. It was an insult to my intelligence."

(To be continued)

transatlantic review.

CONRAD SUPPLEMENT

Dear Ford.

Since you wish to quote I have expanded a little the passage in my letter. Of course you will use what you think fit.

~~I don't think your memory renders me justice as to my attitude up the early E.R.~~ The early E. R. is the only literary business that, in Bacon's phraseology, "came home to my bosom". The mere fact that it was the occasion of you putting on me that gentle but persistent pressure which extracted from the depths of my then despondency the stuff of the "Personal Record" would be enough to make its memory dear. Do you care to be reminded that the editing of the first number was finished in that farmhouse we occupied near Luton. You arrived one evening with your amiable myrmidons and parcels of copy. I shall never forget the cold of that night, the black grates, the guttering candles, the dimmed lamps—and the desperate stillness of that house, where women and children were innocently sleeping, when you sought me out at 2 a.m. in my dismal study to make me concentrate suddenly on a two-page notice of the "Ile des Pénguins". A marvellously successful instance of editorial tyranny! I suppose you were justified. The Number One of the E. R. could not have come out with two blank pages in it. It would have been too sensational. I have forgiven you long ago.

My only grievance against the early E. R. is that it didn't last long enough. If I say that I am curious to see what you will make of this venture it isn't because I have the slightest doubts of your consistency. You have a perfect right to say that you are "rather unchangeable". Unlike the Serpent (which is Wise) you will die in your original skin. So I have no doubt that the Review will be truly Fordian -- at all costs. But for one of your early men it will be interesting to see what men you will find now and what you will get out of them in these changed times.

I am afraid the source of the Personal Record [illegible] is dried up. I'm no longer the same man. Thanks for your proposal. I'd like to do something for the sake of old times — but I daresay I'm much too busy having more. I'll drop you a line in a day or two. My mind is a blank at this moment.

Yours ever, Conrad.

I

"C'EST TOI QUI DORS DANS L'OMBRE..."

by

FORD MADOX FORD

He was small rather than large in height ; very broad in the shoulder and long in the arm ; dark in complexion with black hair and a clipped black beard. He had the gestures of a Frenchman who shrugs his shoulders frequently. When you had really secured his attention he would insert a monocle into his right eye and scrutinise your face from very near as a watchmaker looks into the works of a watch. He entered a room with his head held high, rather stiffly and with a haughty manner, moving his head once semi-circularly. In this one movement he had expressed to himself the room and its contents : his haughtiness was due to his determination to master that room, not to dominate its occupants, his chief passion being the realisation of aspects to himself.

In the Pent Farm, beneath the South Downs, there was a great kitchen with a wavy brick floor. On this floor of a morning sat a great many cats : they were needed to keep down rats and they got some milk of a morning. Every morning a wild robin with a red breast and greenish-khaki body would hop, not fly, across the floor of the kitchen between the waiting cats. The cats would avert their glances, pulsing their sheathed claws in and out. The robin would hop through the inner doorway of the kitchen, across an angle of the low dining-room and so up the bed room stairs. When the maid with the morning letters and the tea-tray opened the bed room door the robin would fly through the low, dark room and perch on a comb, stuck into a brush on the dressing table, against the long, low, leaded windows. It awaited crumbs of bread and tiny morsels of lump sugar from the tea-tray. It had never been taught to go on these adventures. This robin attended

at the opening of the first letter that, more than a quarter of a century ago, the writer received from Joseph Conrad. The robin watched with its beady eyes the sheet of blue grey paper with the large rather ornamental handwriting... It was afterwards drowned in a cream jug which took away from its aspect of a supernatural visitant.

Above the large kitchen was the large Men's Room where the hinds of the farm had been used to sleep. It was entered by a ladder which was removed at night so that the hinds should not murder the farmer or do worse to the farmer's wife. The low windows of this low-room were leaded in diamond shapes, the grass frosted with the green of great age. One of these windows had, inscribed upon it, no doubt by a diamond, the name *John Kemp* and the date 1822. Conrad always objected to *John Kemp* as not sufficiently aristocratic for the hero of *Romance* who was the grandson of an earl, but the writer liked it and it remained so in the book.

Years before that, looking through the pages of Dickens' *All the Year Round* for woodcuts contributed by Ford Madox Brown upon whose biography he had been engaged, the writer had come upon a short rendering of the official account of the trial of Aaron Smith. This had been the last trial for piracy that had ever been held at the Old Bailey and the prisoner was acquitted. The story told by him in the dock was sufficiently that of *Romance*, as it now stands. It struck the writer at once after the reading of the first few paragraphs—that here indeed was what we used to call a *subject*, with a tone of voice as if the word had been italicised. For certain subjects will grip you with a force almost supernatural, as if something came from behind the printed, the written or the spoken word, or from within the aura of the observed incident in actual life, and caught you by the throat, really saying: *Treat me*. So in the dusky air of the British Museum Reading Room whilst that first perusal was being made it was almost as if the genie of the place exclaimed: Treat this subject. If you do it will mean fortune; if not, lifelong ill-luck. It brought fortune.

The first treatment of that story by the writer was of an incredible thinness. It was like the whisper of a nonagenarian and the writer had tried to make it like the whisper of a nonagenarian. It was finished just before, in 1890 or so, Conrad first came to see the writer at Limpsfield... Why the writer should ever have thought of writing of pirates, heaven knows, or why, having determined to write of pirates it should have been his ambition to treat them as if in terms of a very faded manuscript of a Greek play! But that was certainly his ambition and, as it proved, his ambition was certainly granted to him to achieve. Every sentence had a dying fall and every paragraph

faded out. The last sentences of that original draft ran : *Above our heads a nightingale* (did something : *poured out its soul*, as like as not, or *poured out its melody on the summer air*, the cadence calling there for eleven syllables) *As it was June it sang a trifle hoarsely...* The reader will observe that the writer had then already read his *Trois Contes*, just as the first words of Conrad's first book were pencilled on the fly-leaves and margins of *Madame Bovary*. The last cadences, then, of Herodias run : *Et tous trois, ayant pris la tête de Jokanaan s'en allaient vers Galilé. Comme elle était très lourde, ils la portaient alternativement...* As cadence the later sentences are an exact pastiche of the former. In each the first contains nineteen syllables ; the concluding one commences with *As it was*, and is distinguished by the *u* sounds of "*June*" and "*lourd*" and the *or* sounds of "*hoarse*" and "*portaient*." It was in that way that, before the writer and Conrad met, they had studied their Flaubert...

Conrad came round the corner of the house carrying a small child ; that did not impede his slightly stiff gait and the semi-circular motion of his head as he took in the odd residence, the lettuces protected by wire-netting from the rabbits, or the immense view that lay before the cottage. He was conducted by Mr. Edward Garnett. In those days the writer had been overcome by one of those fits of agricultural enthusiasm that have overwhelmed him every few years so that such descriptive writers as have attended to him have given you his picture in a startling alternation as a Piccadilly dude in top-hat, morning coats and spats, and as an extremely dirty agricultural labour Mr. Garnett lived an acre or so up the hill ; Mr. Conrad and his family were staying on Limpsfield Chart. It was in those days Mr. Garnett's ambition to appear what the French call *lézardé* : he might have been a very, a very long lizard, indistinguishable, save for his spectacles, from the monstrous stones of his cavernous and troglodytic residence. From his mansion the writer's two-roomed cottage might have been a volcanic fragment, thrown off. Mr. Garnett frequently reproved the writer for wearing dark-grey frieze. It caused, he said, a blot on the Limpsfield hillside into whose tones one should sink. The writer was engrossed in carrying out experiments, suggested by Professor Gressent of the Sorbonne in Paris. He was trying to make ten lettuces grow where before had been ten thousand thistles and was writing articles for the *Outlook* on the usage of the potato as an extirpator of thistles, in sand. That is accepted as good farming now.

Upon the writer Conrad made no impression at all. Mr. Conrad was the author of *Almayer's Folly*, a great book of a romantic fashion, but written too much in the style of Alphonse Daudet whom the writer had outgrown at school, knowing the *Lettres*

de Mon Moulin at eighteen by heart. A great new writer then. But as to great writers or artists this writer even then *en avait soupé*, cradled in the proof-sheets of Rossetti, with Swinburne, Watts-Dunton, Hall Caine (Sir Something Hall Caine) and all the Pre-Raffaelites for the commonest objects of his landscape. And Mr. Garnett used to lead the great New, one by one, to poke up the writer as if he had been a mangey lion, The writer no doubt roared, In that way Mr. Garnett led up Stephen Crane, Conrad, Lord Ollivier now H.B.M. minister for India, the wife of the Secretary of the Fabian Society, the Secretary of the Fabian Society... A whole procession : precisely as if one had been a mangey lion in a travelling menagerie. Or perhaps a man at the zoo! And Mr. Garnett would do the poking up, telling the distinguished that the writer was possessed of too much individuality ever to find readers... It was the most depressing period of a life not lacking in depressing periods.

The writer perhaps roared. Obviously the writer roared on that occasion but he certainly rather disliked Conrad as you dislike those who pass before your cage and get you poked up. We went afterwards with several children up to the sloping lawn of Mr. Garnett's residence. It is at that point that a real remembrance of this beautiful genius comes to the writer... One of the children crawled over the sloping grass as weak new-born kittens crawl ; another on the other hand, with an engrossed face, a little older, whilst Conrad stuck his eyeglass into his eye, progressed for all the world like a *cul de jatte* of our Paris streets. Two fists stuck into the ground, one short leg projected, the other curled underneath, blonde and determined, it levered itself over the grass with its hands and between its arms. And Conrad threw back his head and laughed ; his eyeglass fell out ; he stuck it in his eye again and gazed at the child ; threw back his head and roared, and uttered odd words in Marseilles French... Immediately afterwards Mr. Garnett assured Mr. Conrad for the third time that the writer was too individual ever to have a public for his writings. It was of course high praise...

So the writer left Limpsfield and returned to the Pent Farm. A complete veil dropped between himself and Conrad. And then suddenly came the letter at whose reading the robin attended. The writer had indeed roared at Limpsfield. Obviously he had told Conrad the story of John-Kemp-Aaron-Smith, for Conrad asked him to consider the idea of a collaboration over that story—which Mr. Garnett had told him was too individual ever to find even a publisher. It would otherwise have been an impertinence on the part of Conrad. And Conrad was never impertinent. His politeness even to his grocer was always oriental.

The writer's answer was the obvious one that Conrad had better come and see for himself what he had let himself in for. And Conrad came. But that time *Conrad* came... He was like the Sultan of the True Believers walking into a slave market. And for the writer that he remained until his lamentable death. He was a gentleman-adventurer who had sailed with Drake. Elizabethan : it was that that he was. He has been called Slav ; he has been called oriental ; he has been called a Romantic. He was none of these except on the surface, to his grocer ; a man has to have a surface to present to his grocer or to afternoon callers. He himself was just Man : *homo europeaus sapiens*, attuned to the late sixteenth century. In all the world he would have loved nothing better than to singe the king of Spain's beard if it had not been to write a good book. Well, he outwitted the Dutch navy in Malaysia and wrote the greatest books in the world.

He had an extraordinary old mare with such long ears that you took her for a mule. She was called Nancy. And a black wicker-work chaise. And he cared for these things with the lively passion of a man : what he had must be ship-shape : reins, bit, head-stall, feed... I remember once in an inn yard at Winchelsea an enormous, fat, six-feet two, lousy, greyish scoundrel of a stable-man, Leaning back against a wall he was, his face quivering, the colour of billsticker's paste. He panted : "I've heard tell of the British liaon ; but protect me from the Rooshian bear..." Russian being as near as he could get to Polish. Conrad had been talking to him : he had been stealing the mare's feed of oats...

With a hyper-sensitiveness to impressions the writer, too, remembers Conrad throwing tea-cups into the fire-place during a discussion over the divine right of kings—a discussion with a lady who alleged light-heartedly that Marie Antoinette had been guilty of treason to France. The whole of the discussion the writer did not hear because he was discoursing to a very deaf gentleman on the genealogical tree of the Dering family. Nor indeed can Conrad have thrown the tea-cups into the fire since on going away the lady said : What a *charming* man Mr. Conrad is! I must see him often.

It was in short the passion of Conrad that you noticed first and that passion he applied to his writing : his darkness, his wide gestures, his eyes in which the light was like the glow of a volcano. This is not over-writing : his personality deserved these tributes. It was chivalry too. After his discussion with the lady over the divine right of kings he was pale, exhausted, panting almost. That was because he remembered Marie Antoinette in the Conciergerie, so ill-clad, so deprived of her children, so pallid and unkempt that to him she was real and he

remembered her. And she was dead and a cheerfully heartless fine-lady should not make fun—which was what it amounted to—of dead queens. Dog should not eat dog; fine ladies in silks should not gnaw the reputations of ladies fine that once wore finer silks and were now dead. It was the want of imagination in all humanity, thus in little summed up and presented to him, that aroused in him such passion and called for such self-control. For it is to be hoped that it is apparent that it was only to the writer that the impression remained of tea-cups thrown into the fireplace. The writer has seen Conrad just so enraged when the Bishop of London, returning from St. Petersburg after Bloody Monday remarked that Russia would always have troubles until they were inculcated with the hearty British love of field games! He detested Russians, his passion was rather for Buonapartists than for the Bourbons but that imbecilities should be uttered as to the lot of the suffering maddened him.

It is characteristic of Conrad: it is most charasteristic of Conrad that when, after five years, he and the writer got to the last paragraphs of *Romance* and when the writer had written: *For suffering is the lot of man*, Conrad should have added: *but not inevitable failure or worthless despair which is without end: suffering the mark of manhood which bears within its pain the hope of felicity, like a jewel set in iron.* He had the mark of manhood!

He came then to the Pent to see what he was in for. He came in for passion—and suffering. The writer has seldom seen such suffering as was gone through by Conrad during the reading of that first draft of *Romance*. Conrad had expected a drama of Cuban pirates, immense and gloomy, like *Salammbo*, with a reddish illumination, passing as it were upon a distant stage... For the first chapter or two—those passing at the Pent Farm—he was silent. Then he became—silent. For he seemed to have about him a capacity for as it were degrees of intensity of his silence. No doubt he listened to the first pages with a movement or so to light a cigarette, with a relaxing of the limbs or a change in the position in the chair. These must gradually have ceased.

The parlour at the Pent was a deep room with a beam across the middle of the low ceiling; small, pink monthly roses always shewed insignificant blooms that looked over the window sills. An immense tythe-barn with a great, thatched, black-mossy roof filled in the whole view if you sat by the fire-place; occasionally you would see a rat progressing musingly over this surface. If you approached the window you saw a narrow lawn running to a low brick wall after which the level dropped to a great stackyard floored usually with straw and not unusually

with a bullock or two in it. Conrad and the writer planted an orange tree grown from a pip, under the low north wall of this narrow garden. It was still alive in nineteen seventeen growing just up to the coping of the low wall where its progress was cut off by the north wind. It was a very quiet, simple room.

The writer sat in the grand-father's chair, his back to the window, beside the fire-place, reading, his manuscript held up to the light : Conrad sat forward on a rush bottomed arm-chair listening intently. (For how many years did the writer and Conrad not sit there like that!)

We began that reading after lunch of a shortish day ; the lamps were brought in along with the tea. During that interval Conrad shewed nervous and depressed ; sunk in on himself and hardly answering questions. Conrad being then almost a stranger this was the writer's first experience of to what Conrad's depression over an artistic problem could amount : it was like a strong current that operated on a whole roomful... With his back, then, to the lamp and Conrad completely in the shadow the writer read on, just having the impression that his hearer's limbs were all bunched together in his chair and that they contracted gradually. There were many strong shadows in the low room where most of the light was on the ceiling.

Conrad began to groan... It was by then fairly apparent to the writer that Conrad disapproved of the treatment of the adventures of John Kemp ; at any rate in Cuba ; and the writer had a sufficient sense already of Conrad's temperament to be disinclined to ask whether his guest were ill. He feels now the sense of as it were dumb obstinacy with which he read on into those now vocal shadows in the fireside warmth... The interrup tions grew in length of ejaculation. They became : "O! O!... O God my dear Hueffer..."... And towards the end : "O God, my dear *faller* how is it possible..." The writer finished with the statement that, as it was June the nightingale sang a trifle hoarsely. This zoological observation, in spite of the cadence, gave the final touch to his dejection. The writer's voice having stopped he exclaimed : "What ? What ? What's that ?" When he heard that that was the end he groaned and said : "Good *God*!"—for the last time. There are writers—French writers—who can keep the final revelation of a whole long novel back until the last three words. For this he had hoped. The writer would rather have died than have so machined a book.

Conrad was the most unrivalled hatcher of schemes for sudden and unlimited wealth or for swift and undying glory. To see him go upon one of these was heartening in itself. His

face lit up, his muscles tautened, he first expatiated on his idea and then set out. Obviously his training as a master mariner inveigling unwilling Eastern traders into shipping cargoes that they did not want to consign, at prices that they did not want to pay, to bottoms commanded by Conrad, for one reason or another unsuited to their merchandise—this training helped him with direct human negotiations. To see him, leaning over a counter, persuading the stolid Mr. Dan West, grocer of Hythe to grant him credit unheard of in that market town, was a singular study in fascination. The bearded, blinking—and very excellent grocer : I wish I knew his equal elsewhere—understood possibly the transaction which contained in its essence bills at three months, mortgages I daresay on life-insurances—Heaven knows what!—and then a triumphant progress to the White Hart where the benign, dark, statuesqus and really beautiful Miss Cobay presided in the dimmer recesse of that very old tavern... And there sat the grocer, benevolent, pleased, blinking a little, a solid, wealthy fiftyish man, several times mayor of his ancient town, with great knowledge of men, quietly indulgent to the romantic visitor who had descended upon him... For all the world he might have been the Stein of *Lord Jim* contemplating the hero of that wonderful work and saying within himself : "Romantic!... That's what he is. Romantic!"... And the beautiful, statuesque, slow moving Miss Cobay, invariably silent—The writer at least never heard her utter one word, except that, years after, motoring through that ancient Cinque Port, the writer, for old sake's sake, took a drink at the bar of the White Hart, and Miss Cobay with her enigmatic gaze asked after Mr. Conrad then many years gone from the Pent, for all the world like one of the silent women of Conrad's early books : the heroine of *Falk* who never utters *one* word... The writer, alas, alas, seems to become Marlowe. So be it...

Conrad was Conrad because he was his books. It was not that he made literature : he was literature, the literature of the Elizabethan Gentleman Adventurer... Think of setting out in an old wicker-work chaise drawn by what appeared to be a mule to persuade a Hythe grocer to give you three years' credit... Think of setting out from Stamford-le-Hope, a safe harbour where at least there was contact with ships, estuaries, tideways, islands, into an unknown hinterland of savage and unknown populations, of bare downs, out of sight of the refuge of the sea to persuade an unknown wielder of the pen, the finest stylist in England, to surrender his liberty to a sailing partnership—to surrender too his glamourous 'subject', for all the world as if you had adventured into the hinterlands behind Palembang to ask some-one only just known to give up to you for joint working the secret of one of those mysterious creeks where gold is found. An adventure like that of *Victory*

itself... And then to insult the owner of the creek with groans, sighs, O God's, contortions... Well, all we who supported Conrad to his final, so great victory, were the subordinate characters of his books, putting up with his extortionate demands for credit, for patience or for subjects... The Steins, the Whalleys, the captain MacWhirrs... and now the Marlowes!

For, for some hours of that distant day of our Romance, the reader may be assured that the question of the very existence of that work hung in the balance. It was truly as if Rumpelstiltkin had come to carry off the Queen's child. (*The dwarf*, Conrad quotes Grimm in his epigraph to Lord Jim, *answered*: *No, something human is dearer to me than all the wealth of the Indies*!) The writer, please let the reader be assured, has always been supremely indifferent to the fate of his books, to the estimation in which they were held—by any soul but Joseph Conrad ; to such things as career ; personal reputation and the rest. Conrad could hardly have selected a better discoverer of creeks to whom to go. But the writer was not then ignorant of the vicissitudes of human life and of literary partnerships. The terrible wrangles between Henley and the relicts and executors of Stevenson were at that moment filling the press. Or one might remember the effects on Johnsons' fame, of Boswell. To do what Conrad then imperiously desired, to surrender the creek to a joint partnership was... asking for it!

It hung then in the balance. But there gradually appeared after dinner, through a long farmhouse night until two in the morning : the magic. It was magic! There had been disclosures. Conrad had artlessly expounded his desires. Hearing, at Limpsfield, the writer develope his miraculous "subject"—of Aaron Smith, last pirate ever to be tried at the Old Bailey, of the Creek with Rio Media at the bottom of it and the pirate schooners with Nikola el Escoces in command sailing out to the sack of brig *Victoria* with her cargo of logwood, rum, raw sugar and dyes—Conrad had imagined a robust book, with every drop of the subject squeezed out of it. Whereas it was characteristic of the writer that though in the trial, Aaron Smith had deposed to a lady bearing the glamouorous name of Seraphina Riego, daughter of a *juez de la premiera instancia*, known as the Star of Cuban Law, and inhabiting the pirate city of Rio Media in Cuba, the writer had very carefully left out this lady in the first draft of his book, the lady with whom John Kemp sat under the hoarse nightingale having been a carefully dimned figure with bare shoulders and a handkerchief called Veronica... Conrad had expected to hear a reading by the finest stylist in England of a work, far flung in popularity as *Treasure Island* but as "written" as *Salammbo*, by the addition to which of a few touches of description, sea-atmosphere,

mists, riggings and the like, in a fortnight, fortune should lie at the feet of the adventurers... It was another of those magic enterprises... Alas, after five years work there was *Romance* with its *success d'estime*. Not much of that, even, for the critics of our favoured land do not believe in collaboration'.

Conrad's marvellous play and change of features came now into the story. Ruffled, the writer, even before dinner had explained the nature of the tour de force he had attempted. This was the narrative of a very old man, looking back upon that day of his romance—as to-day this narrator looks back. You are getting the real first draft of *Romance* now. This is how in truth it comes out according to the technical scheme then laid down by us two.

Before dinner, then, Conrad listened to the writer's apologia with a certain frigid deference. Of course if that was the way of it, no doubt... But why choose such a subject?... A man of sixty two... Yes, Yes, of course... He remained however shut up in the depth of his disappointment and still more in his reprobation of the criminal who could take hold of such a theme and not, gripping it by the throat, extract from it every drop of blood and glamour... He disliked the writer as a criminal, fortune thrown away, a Book turned into the dry bone-of a technical feat. He exclaimed : Let me look at it. Let me look at the manuscript ; shuffled the leaves distastefully as if they had been the evidence of a crime... To throw away fortune—that was not shipshape : to murder a subject that was murder, foul, unnatural... The dinner bell rang...

* * *

At dinner there were ladies ; gradually the depressed Conrad became Conrad. Pepper came under discussion. He declaimed as to how the greatest wars in the world had been fought for pepper. The spice Islands, the East, came into the room for a little while, with Wapping Old Stairs, the tents of the army over Constantinople at the end of the Russo-Turkish war with Conrad as a sailor before the mast on the deck of a Messageries Maritimes transport. There ensued a desperate wrangle as to whether saffron had any flavour—in the course of the consumption of curry. Conrad declared that saffron had no flavour, the writer, that saffron was one of the most strongly flavoured of all possible herbs. Conrads swore that he had carried whole cargoes of saffron ; he had spent his life in carrying cargoes of saffron ; he had known no other pursuits. The writer on the other hand had given more saffron to diseased poultry than even Conrad had carried and had in addition reproved innumerable cooks for not putting sufficient saffron into *poule au riz*...

Conrad declared that that was merely to give the rice an agreeable colour. The writer called it a most disagreeable, an offensive colour... Conrad's eyes flashed dangerously ; his teeth white under his drawn-back moustache. We both contemplated Calais Sands... Someone changed the conversation to pearls...

* * *

In all our ten thousand conversations down the years we had only these two themes over which we quarrelled : as to the taste of saffron and as to whether one sheep is distinguishable from another.

(*To be continued.*)

Nine years ago the writer had occasion to make a hasty will. Since one of the provisions of this document appointed Conrad the writer's literary executor we fell to discussing the question of literary biographies in general and our own in particular. We hit, as we generally did, very quickly upon a formula, both having a very great aversion from the usual official biography for men of letters whose lives are generally uneventful. But we agreed that should a writer's life have interests beyond the mere writing upon which he had employed himself this life might well be the subject of a monograph. It should then be written by an artist and be a work of art. To write : "Joseph Conrad Kurzeniewski was born on such a day of such a year in the town of "So & So" in the Government of Kieff *and so to continue would not conduce to such a rendering as this great man desired. So, here, to the measure of the ability vouchsafed, you have a projection of Joseph Conrad as, little by little, he revealed himself to a human being during many years of close intimacy. It is so that, by degrees, Lord Jim appeared to Marlowe, or as every human soul by degrees appears to every other human soul. For, according to our view of the thing, a novel should be the biography of a man or of an affair and a biography whether of a man or an affair should be a novel, both being, if they are efficiently performed, renderings of such affairs as are our human lives.*

II

IL Y A QUATRE ANS, EN CORSE AVEC JOSEPH CONRAD, COUREUR DE MERS

by

H.-R. Lenormand.

Conrad est mort. Peu de gloires littéraires demeureront aussi pures, exemptes de ces petits mensonges de prudence, de ces petites roueries d'attitude qui grignotent l'œuvre des romanciers à ambitions politiques ou sociales. " Je ne suis qu'un conteur ", disait-il, comme s'excusant d'on ne sait quelle limitation à son pouvoir d'écrire. Il a réalisé complètement et exclusivement le don qu'il avait d'animer des êtres humains dans leur décor habituel.

Il s'est peu regardé. S'il l'a fait, c'est vers les actions de sa vie qu'il s'est tourné. Tout à fait dépourvu de « narcissisme », il n'a jamais éprouvé le besoin d'étaler sa connaissance de soi ; il ne l'a utilisée que sous le voile d'une lointaine transposition artistique. Mais les compagnons de son existence nomade et ceux de ses rêveries, il les a fixés avec une telle passion, il les a peints, modelés, vêtus avec une si admirable fureur créatrice, que nous sortons de ses récits comme d'un monde plus réel que le nôtre.

— "J'ai écrit *le Nègre du Narcisse* en quelques mois, dans un état de complète hallucination," me disait-il.

L'hallucination nous a gagnés.

J'ai rencontré Conrad, il y a quatre ans, à Ajaccio. Il passait l'hiver avec les siens dans cet hôtel dont le parc n'est qu'une irruption du maquis contenue par des murs bas et dont le jardin, avec ses palmiers, ses bambous, ses ricins pourrait servir de cadre à une de ses nouvelles. Il voulut bien se rappeler qu'en 1909, nos deux noms voisinaient sur l'affiche du Théâtre des Arts, où Robert d'Humières, en même temps que mon premier

drame, faisait représenter une délicate adaptation de *Demain*, due à R.-D. de Maratray. Conrad avait conservé un portrait de Marie Kalff, qui incarnait son héroïne et qui devait, l'année suivante, devenir ma femme. Ces souvenirs nous rapprochèrent, mieux sans doute que mon admiration, trop ardente, trop absolue pour s'exprimer avec une mesure et des réserves qui lui eussent enlevé toutes les apparences de la flatterie.

* * *

Nous nous rencontrions presque chaque jour, soit dans le petit salon qu'il s'était fait aménager dans l'aile droite de l'hôtel, soit, aux heures de soleil, devant un massif de fleurs écarlates. Avec son visage recuit et couturé de coureur de mers, sa démarhes nerveuse et difficile, la noblesse toute polonaise de ses manières, la courtoisie plaisante qu'il opposait à la vieillesse et à la maladie, Conrad était un peu plus que lui-même : un personnage de Conrad matérialisé comme par sortilège.

Son monocle en place, un journal sur la tête, cet homme que la sauvagerie avait marqué me narrait sa vie de marin. Alors qu'il était officier de bord d'un bâtiment de commerce anglais qui trafiquait dans les îles de la Sonde, il avait, aux prix de véritables dangers, établi des balises à l'entrée d'un de ces estuaires où la forêt tropicale vient mourir dans des eaux dormantes — un de ces immenses paysages torrides qu'il a si souvent décrits. Mais des officiers de la marine hollandaise, dont la canonnière croisait dans les parages et qui voyaient d'un mauvais œil des voies s'ouvrir au négoce international, avaient démoli les balises de Conrad ! Celui-ci en avait posé de nouvelles : les Hollandais les avaient encore abattues. Le jeu avait duré jusqu'au matin de brouillard brûlant où le futur écrivain s'était perdu dans son estuaire. Pendant dix-huit heures, à la barre du canot manœuvré par des noirs, il avait erré, cherchant son navire. On l'avait hissé à bord, assommé par la soif, délirant dans la brume gonflée de soleil... Ce petit drame de la conscience professionnelle ne surprendra pas les lecteurs de *Lord Jim*.

Il parcourait la Corse en quête de documents. Il essayait de découvrir les traces que l'idéal napoléonien avait pu laisser dans le bassin de la Méditerranée. « Ce sera mon dernier livre, me disait-il souvent. Et encore... L'écrirai-je ? » Il se plaignait de pénibles embarras de travail. L'âge et l'usure commençaient à le maîtriser. Mais en lui la passion de son art demeurait intacte.

C'était une joie pour moi, de constater son amour des lettres françaises et de voir à quelles œuvres allaient ses préférences. Ah ! il n'était pas de ceux que *Madame Bovary* fait bâiller ! Sévères pour les fausses gloires de sa patrie anglaise, il rendait justice à Kipling, à Thomas Hardy, à bien d'autres. Il avait contre les écrivains russes, même contre Dostoievsky, des préventions dont les « impossibilités » ethniques qui divisent Polonais et Russes étaient, sans doute, la cause. Sa bonté se

trahissait dans une attention, dans un geste. Sa politesse gratifiait également le colonel britannique en mal de renseignements maritimes et la lectrice insatiable qui n'aurait pas quitté Ajaccio sans savoir « si Lord Jim avait existé. »

Lisons-le. Le capitaine de *Typhon*, la naïve recluse du *Sourire de la Fortune*, le monarque adipeux de *Lord Jim*, le vieil Allmayer et sa fille l'aventurier déséquilibré du *Cœur des Ténèbres* s'agrégeront au peuple de nos souvenirs. Dans quelques années, ces fantômes se glisseront insidieusement parmi les images des êtres que nous aurons connus en vérité. Et ceux d'entre nous qui ont parcouru les océans ne sauront peut-être plus, à l'heure de leur mort, s'ils étaient, ou non amarrés sur le pont du *Narcisse* renversé, lavé depuis des jours par la houle décroissante et d'où montait, au soleil levant, la plainte du matelot fou.

III

By Ernest Hemingway.

What is there you can write about him now that he is dead?

The critics will dive into their vocabularies and come up with articles on the death of Conrad. They are diving now, like prairie dogs.

It will not be hard for the editorial writers; Death of John L. Sullivan, Death of Roosevelt, Death of Major Whittlesey, Death of President Coolidge's Son, Death of Honored Citizen, Passing of Pioneer, Death of President Wilson, Great Novelist Passes, it is all the same.

CONRAD, OPTIMIST AND MORALIST

Admirers of Joseph Conrad, whose sudden death is an occasion for general regret, usually think of him as an artist of the first rank, as a remarkable story teller and as a stylist. But Mr. Conrad was also a deep thinker and serene philosopher. In his novels, as in his essays etc.

It will run like that. All over the country.

And what is there that you can say about him now tha the is dead?

It is fashionable among my friends to disparage him. It is even necessary. Living in a world of literary politics where one wrong opinion often proves fatal, one writes carefully. I remember how I was made to feel how easily one might be dropped from the party, and the short period of Coventry that followed my remarking when speaking of George Antheil that I preferred my Stravinsky straight. I have been more careful since.

It is agreed by most of the people I know that Conrad is a bad writer, just as it is agreed that T. S. Eliot is a good writer. If I knew that by grinding Mr. Eliot into a fine dry powder and sprinkling that powder over Mr. Conrad's grave Mr. Conrad would shortly appear, looking very annoyed at the forced return

and commence writing I would leave for London early tomorrow morning with a sausage grinder.

One should not be funny over the death of a great man, but you cannot couple T. S. Eliot and Joseph Conrad in a sentence seriously any more than you could see, say, André Germain and Manuel Garcia (Maera) walking down the street together and not laugh.

The second book of Conrad's that I read was *Lord Jim*. I was unable to finish it. It is, therefore, all I have left of him. For I cannot re-read them. That may be what my friends mean by saying he is a bad writer. But from nothing else that I have ever read have I gotten what every book of Conrad has given me.

Knowing I could not re-read them I saved up four that I would not read until I needed them badly, when the disgust with writing, writers and everything written of and to write would be too much. Two months in Toronto used up the four books. One after another I borrowed them from a girl who had all of his books on a shelf, bound in blue leather, and had never read any of them. Let us be exact. She had read *The Arrow of Gold* and *Victory*.

In Sudbury, Ontario, I bought three back numbers of the Pictorial Review and read *The Rover*, sitting up in bed in the Nickle Range Hotel. When morning came I had used up all my Conrad like a drunkard, I had hoped it would last me the trip, and felt like a young man who has blown in his patrimony. But, I thought, he will write more stories. He has lots of time.

When I read the reviews they all agreed *The Rover* was a bad story.

And now he is dead and I wish to God they would have taken some great, acknowledged technician of a literary figure and left him to write his bad stories.

IV

By Robert McAlmon

To give an estimate of the quality of Joseph Conrad's work, or to judge to what extent he has influenced English and American letters, is a task not to be undertaken at this moment after his death. It is sufficient to know that before long there will doubtlessly be innumerable complete standard editions of his work, and that it can be well believed he will rank amongst the greater figures of novelists in English literature, and this in spite of the fact that he wrote in a language foreign to him as a writer, or virtually so, until his fortieth (?) year. He brought a slavic touch to his approach to the psychologic development of his characters and scenes, but nevertheless, he so conquered his medium that the chaos and murky gropingness that mars much of Slavic literature, is not in his work. There is, on the contrary, a clarity, and directness to his intelligence that might be English ; and there is, perhaps to his advantage, no tendency to caricature such as exists in many of the finest English novels. His work was, one senses, a product of pure sincerity, and of will ; of will, because his style at moments is difficult to read. It does not immediately pick up and carry the interest on, and it does not often create a sympathetic interest in the plot or in the characterizations. It does however command respect and admiration, both for Conrad's perceptions, and for his manner of conceiving and utilizing his subject matter on an epic scale.

In a manner, though of the so called older generation, his mind was modern : he does not soften life ; and his austere fatalism does not often have an interpretive quality, i.e. any kind of moralization within it.

It is doubtful whether many people who claim to be Conrad fans, or if many people who harshly criticize his work, know all of what Conrad covered in the way of realization. Certainly any idea of him as a romantic realist writing of sea life, is a limited conception of his range. *Under Western Eyes* is alone enough to prove this. There is mysticism in his intelligence, but there is not misticism, which is the quality so often passed off as mystical.

But one has wondered how much Conrad liked to write ; and how much he wrote out of sheer will to write, and to write well, respectably, if not in the manner most acceptable to the facile reader, and to the large public, which scarcely matters

so much as may be thought when literary rather than economic values are concerned. He perhaps had a will to record his apprehension of life more than he had to write, merely, and no doubt an illness of some kind which forced him to change his profession at middle age caused him to write in a manner differently, so that he might make his living, than he would have written otherwise. Residence in England, the influence of the English novel, and of contemporary English life and minds about him, and his own will, possibly coerced a quick but genuine evolution of change within him.

Without possessing a keen enthusiasm for Conrad's work, any reader who reads understandingly must see that, as with few writers, there is back of it an intelligence which commands respect; a personality exists, and on no terms to be slighted; the sense of life profoundly realized is there, and it is not limited to any one aspect, such as the tragic, the mystical, the satiric, or the romantic. Possibly to get this realized sense of life is more than to receive a joy in style produced by an authentic but more limited intelligence, and less tense personality. The dumfounded wonder then too is less. Which is better need not be said as relativity permits one not to indulge in comparisons.

It may be that Conrad is somewhat antipathetic racially to the emotions of readers who have not some slavic, or eastern-influenced race reactions within them, for there is in his work at moments the undersurge, the sullen black seething, a groping, the subconscious striving to be conscious, that is in many Russian writers. That being so however, and it is but slightly emphasized, does not effect the achievement of Joseph Conrad; it is instead merely a matter of any race's or individual's psychologic limitations, whether it be the author's, or the reader's; and in all justice it must be said that one senses authenticity, and an apprehension of life in Conrad, which has a breadth of comprehension, a vitality that while touched with sullenness, has a quality of grandeur, which few writers of the past generation, in any country have possessed. And his perceptions are, as they should be, ruthless, though the judgment of beings and their actions is a generous, even a tender one.

Apart too from these mere human sympathies, and understandings, he has utilized the English language with effectiveness beyond that of writers to whom it was a mother tongue. Many of his pages, phrases, sentences, have a quality of being carried along, of creating effects by sensation, rather than by description, that only a person has who has also an actual intuition of the value of the language in its variations. This quality could be created only by a writer knowing his medium. This mastery alone, on the part of a man starting to write in English at the age of forty (?) would make Joseph Conrad a phenonomon in literature, were it not that ample enough other evidences existed of his talent, and his genius, as a portrayer of life.

V

By Ethel Colburn Mayne.

When so suddenly we learnt of Conrad's death, there was for some of us that sense as of a light gone out which comes not always with the news of even a loved writer's passing. I had not known him personally ; I had never seen him ; but I felt this—the day was darker for me instantly. For he was of the stars not only in the sky of letters. There he was radiant, and had long been so for those to whom he was a memory of youth—those at whose reading of *Lord Jim* the was past marked with a white stone.

The white stone marked another date as well as that in time—one in experience ; for to have read *Lord Jim* was to have stood for judgment on ourselves. There—to my sense more sharply than in any other of his books—the question of our fitness for the company of the faithful is put to us. The other books by no means let us off that interrogatory ; but their verdict has not seemed to me inexorable as *Lord Jim's* was. You can defy it, saying this or that in your defence ; while from the spirit of the earlier book you were not able to escape without acknowledgment of inward failure. Greatness was there, and loveliness, and—if the word be not yet blotted from our dictionaries—heavenliness. It was Alice Meynell, I believe, who said about Jane Austen's books that there was nothing heavenly in them. Very certainly there is not ; no less certainly there is, in every one of Conrad's books, that air as from an Everest not "merciless", though unrelenting in its altitudes.

This mountain wind blows through the work of him who wrote most often of the sea. One we might call the spiritual, as the other the material, atmosphere of Conrad. A passion of fidelity to some deep call which comes we know not whence and bids us follow it, is always in his books. No words of his are more familiar to us than the statement of his faith : "Those who read me know my conviction that the world, the temporal world, rests on a few very simple ideas, so simple that they must be as old as the hills. It rests notably, amongst others, on Fidelity."

There in a phrase we have it—not his "message," but his influence, in the Miltonic sense. Through his variety of scene,

of mood, this wind from the mountains moves ; and it is keen, it takes our breath, forbids an easy-going temper. No joke to be thus tacitly confronted with the claims of loyalties which, though we recognise, we like to relegate a little now and then!

That was one reason for the long neglect, as it is called, of Conrad. He was prized, none the less, for many many years before his more general success by just such readers as (apart from the more lettered ones) he would have chosen. I remember being told by a writer who had friends among sea-faring men of all types that in talking with some Cornish fishermen he had been, as he said, "surprised and not surprised" to find that these knew Conrad's books and read them over and over again. There would be nothing to surprise in this, had Conrad been less of the conscious artist. But he was that pre-eminently. He designed a pattern of the most elaborate ; his sentence was an edifice in which no stone could be displaced without a quivering of the whole. And he gave up his secret none too easily. What lay beneath the ornate surface did not show itself unless the reader's inward eye could supplement the outward. Conrad could "tell a story", when he chose, with such directness of appeal to the mere story-loving readers that his vaster implications might escape unnoticed ; but to enjoy him thus was well-nigh to betray him, and one's self. It was as though one listened to the singers in an opera and let the orchestra play over one's head unreckoned with.

The book with which he conquered (as one says) the larger public was, amazingly enough, of the most complex. *Chance*—it was aptly named! For here was an example of the luck, the "chance," which awaits upon the artist in all kinds. Had one been asked to say beforehand what the circulation-prospects were for *Chance*, I think that few would have been justified of their prognostications. The button-holing Marlow, who for many was an obstacle-in-chief to their delight in Conrad, here abounds in his own sense to a degree unprecedented—and he is not the only teller of the sale. The sheer intricacy of the method is not all, for each narrator is indulged beyond indulgence. The reins are flung on everybody's neck, and everybody takes the full advantage. It well might have been thought that now again would follow the *succès d'estime* : this book could win no new admirers for the author. Not at all! *Chance* boomed. You could not wrest it from the literary young men and women ; you had to stand in queues for it, and did not get it then. And it sold up and down the country ; not London only clamoured for it... What can have worked the miracle? The Conrad fervents will be heard to say that they see nothing in this book which should have won a public hitherto neglectful of him. But the miracle *was* worked ; and thenceforth Conrad almost could be reckoned as a popular writer. Almost only. He became the fashion, it is true ; but one half suspected that for many who declared allegiance he remained an author whom

they asked for and were rather disconcerted when they "got"! You saw the marker, half-way through the book, and saw it many a day still *figé dans son immobilité*. No matter. There he was, like the marker ; and, like the marker, there he stayed.

The later books, indeed, had varying fortunes. *The Rescue* and *The Arrow of Gold* divided households. These were, to some, pure Conrad ; others marked in one—*The Rescue*—an excess of atmosphere which stifled them, and in *The Arrow of Gold* a hardness or an emptiness which left them mourning. In these two, moreover, the peculiar mark of Conrad's women is exaggerated. Women, with him, take on a strange remoteness —as I have heard another writer say, "They are like ikons ; you have the sense that nobody has ever touched them." This came, no doubt, from the sailor in him. The sailor with a wife in every port is none the less a being different from landsmen in that, for him, to be with women is a novelty. They signify a change from his more normal way of life ; and so, if he is such a sailor-man as Conrad was, we need not wonder, and we may not mock at something in his vision which removes them from the realm of actuality. But this does daunt his readers, and especially his women-readers, who feel crushed and at the same time sceptical. The Conrad woman walks in light—"that woman who as she went by seemed to draw all the passion of the earth to her, without effort, not deigning to notice, naturally, as other women breathed the air." What beautiful tall-talking! And for "other women" just a thought too tall. This kind of lover comes from the Fool's Paradise that women look upon as their domain, not man's. He is the lover women dream of ; but a man may not dream thus—it seems to emphasise the sad reality.

Here was a further reason for the long-delayed success of Conrad. In *Chance* the girl was not of this calibre. Hers was a spell conditioned by her isolation. Thus, her apotheosis was accepted far more easily ; and if the boom of *Chance* can be accounted for, I think that this is the one way.

The shorter tales—*Falk* and *Typhoon* high in the list—are, as it were, examination—estts in our appreciation of him. Here the things—the "very simple ideas"—he most believed in and best loved to use lie to his hand with scarce the stretching of a finger. *Typhoon* is sheer expression of his faith. If you can care for him, *Typhoon* will tell you how you are to care ; and that examination passed, you may more confidently face the heights and depths to which *Lord Jim* will take you. The keen mountain wind shall pierce, but you will fetch your breath again—you are acclimatized.

VI

LE CAS DE JOSEPH CONRAD

by Antoni Potocki.

Pendant que l'innombrable multitude des cœurs faibles continuent à vivre, c'est-à-dire à trembloter, voici ce cœur puissant qui vient de s'arrêter.

Joseph Conrad est mort.

Cela veut dire qu'une expérience prodigieuse, entreprise jadis par une personnalité unique est terminée, au moins pour lui.

Cette expérience a mis en rapport intime trois éléments différents, trois races qui dominent la vie du globe : la race slave, la race anglo-saxonne et la race latine.

Joseph Conrad a donné son cœur merveilleux à cette expérience, où par l'alchimie du verbe devaient se confondre organiquement ces éléments précieux pour aboutir à cette chose qui seule importe : à l'œuvre d'art qui révèle le sens de la vie.

Car si notre époque n'aime plus la conception du messianisme — voir se méfit des messies — il est toujours permis de s'offrir en vocation. Ce fut le cas de Conrad. A nous maintenant de comprendre cette vocation.

Depuis qu'il y a des gens et qui écrivent on parle toujours des influences littéraires. On en parle avec volubilité, souvent à tort et travers, parfois par la nécessité de rattacher le plus vite possible un nom peu connu à un nom déjà classé — ceci soit disant pour renseigner le lecteur sur "l'individualité" — quelle ironie! — de l'auteur en cause.

Ainsi, à propos de Joseph Conrad, on a cité les "influences" de Flaubert et de Marryat, de Tourgaeneff et de Dostoyewsky pour nommer les plus honorables parmi les connétables des lettres.

J'avoue pour ma part que la question des influences me laisse toujours indifférent là, où il s'agit d'une grande personnalité, d'une force créatrice souveraine. Car pour celle-ci toute « influence » n'est-elle simplement un aliment de plus, dont-elle se sert exactement de la même manière, comme l'organisme se sert de la nourriture et de l'air, de l'eau et de la lumière — c'est-à-dire pour tirer de toutes ces substances disparates sa propre constuction unitaire *pour se reproduire soi-même*?

Mais il y a autre chose que des influences dans une âme humaine, soit-elle la plus unique, la plus originale dans son essence. Nietzsche a ramené certains mouvements de sa vitalité à deux type fondamentaux : le type apollinien et le type dyonisien. J'aime cette manière d'expliquer le mystère de la vie par les grands mythes. Elle touche, sans nous blesser, aux profondeurs de notre conscience, elle réveille dans notre âme la voix puissante de l'affinité définitive, à travers tous nos souvenirs, toutes nos expériences depuis l'inconscient jusqu'à notre profession de foi avouée.

Depuis Apollon et Dyonisios notre mythologie s'est enrichi d'autres ombres lumineuses, inoubliables. S'il y a des idées-forces, il y a certainement des personnalités-types qui les incarnent. Il est ridicule d'expliquer un écrivain par un autre, mais il est nécessaire de ramener une personnalité humaine à son type, à son mythe platonique, si l'on veut. La poésie — la seule religion qui nous reste — explique mieux qu'un commentaire ce qu'il y a de plus intime, de plus sacré en un créateur. Hamlet ou Robinson expliquent mieux les grandes affinités que Shakespeare ou De Foe, pourtant leurs créateurs ! Les types symboles sont plus adaptables à la diversité des époques et des races que les auteurs.

Joseph Conrad, grand créateur de ces types-symboles lui-même, appartient sans doute à son époque, mais pour l'expliquer il faut peut-être la dépasser, se transportant dans ce monde immortel où vivent nos Mythes.

Fils d'une nation insurgée, dont l'unique espérance fut longtemps la fidélité à son idéal, ce n'est point par hasard qu'il fut projeté par une force inexorable en dehors de sa patrie ethnique. Car pour ce qui est de la patrie morale, il n'en est jamais sorti !

Avant de devenir capitaine au long cours dans la marine anglaise il fut certainement créé chevalier errant par une force autrement puissante que les examinateurs de la marine marchande... Il se jeta à l'âge de 17 ans dans l'aventure carliste comme les palladins de jadis dans un juste combat. Il chevaucha durant vingt ans les voiliers, ces coursiers des mers. Son tuteur l'appelle à un moment « impossible, incorrigible Don Quichotte ». Son collaborateur et ami intime Ford Madox Ford dit qu'il fut « le dernier Don Quichotte du mot juste en Angleterre ». Que de fois lui-même, à travers ses réminiscences, ses romans, ses articles évoque la grande ombre du Chevalier de la Manche qui, entre son curé et son barbier, chemine vers l'impossible réalisation de l'idéal !...

Il nous a laissé une galerie surprenante *des non-parvenus* au cœur naif, fidèle et puissant, depuis Lord Jim, depuis Almayer, Mac Whirr, le Cappataz de Cargardores et jusqu'à King Tom, *The Recsue*, jusqu'à ce loup de mer Peyrol The Rover qui meurt d'une mort volontaire et héroique pour la France au moment même où, le gousset plein, il pourrait *parvenir* !

Quelle floraison inoubliable des chevaliers errants! Et quelle folie sublime aussi que celle de chercher sous toutes les latitudes, sous tous les climats l'unique aventure *du cœur fidèle à son idéal* jusqu'au naufrage de son bonheur?

Non ce n'est pas un hasard qui projeta Joseph Conrad dans la marine d'abord, dans la littérature ensuite, et cela par l'entremise de sa patrie d'adoption — de la Grande-Bretagne...

La navigation pour ce fils des insurgés ne fut jamais autre chose que la lutte suprême de la volonté et de la conscience contre la furie aveugle de l'océan. La marine fut pour ce palladin l'école moderne des vertus antiques et naïves. " Ceux qui me lisent — dit-il — connaissent mon opinion, que le monde, le monde mortel, repose sur quelques vérités bien simples, aussi simples qu'elles doivent être vieilles comme les monts. Entre autre il repose sur l'idée de Fidélité... " *A Personal Record*, p. 19.

Fidélité à qui, fidélité à quoi? Demandez à tous ses chevaliers errants, tous plus ou moins grands seigneurs comme "Lord Jim", ou même souverains comme " King Tom ", mais toujours et presque au-delà des forces humaines *fidèles à leur propre code d'honneur*...

Certes, l'Albion connaît aussi un mythe charmant de chevalerie dans la personne de Sir Galahad, mais il est devenu depuis longtemps une variété du Prince Charmant à l'usage de jeunes filles à marier. Il y avait aussi un roi, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, mais il appartient au domaine de la littérature enfantine.

Joseph Conrad, sous les haillons de ses palladins naufragés, a introduit dans la littérature moderne anglaise la sublime, la rédemptrice figure de Don Quichotte.

Et il a introduit cette contrebande idéaliste, *cette fleur rare et salutaire du génie latin* dans la *mentalité anglo-saxonne* avec toute la perfidie — pourtant si fidèle! — de son propre génie ancestral-polonais. Car il a ensemencé la mer de son idéalisme clairvoyant et naïf, il s'est adressé à ce qui est de plus briton en Grande-Bretagne, à sa vocation maritime, à ses traditions navigatrices, aux cœurs simples et puissants de ses matelots et de sa jeunesse.

Oui, il est Don Quichotte de la littérature anglaise, mais non seulement de son *adjectif juste*, mais aussi de son *verbe créateur*.

Et cette semence donquichotesque grandira quel que soit le sort individuel de celui qui, aujourd'hui, à son tour, n'est parmi nous qu'une grande ombre lumineuse...

Elle grandira par la puissance vitale et globale de la race anglo-saxonne, par l'ineffable supériorité de Don Quichotte qui incarne la version latine de la conscience, par l'élan de cette éternelle insurgée par définition qui est — qui sera longtemps encore — la Pologne.

Joseph Conrad, son fils, capitaine de la marine anglaise, palladin du roman contemporain, commence sa dernière incarnation, celle qui transforme la multitude humaine par la transfiguration du génie en unanimité.